Volume XII. Number 6.

The UNITARIAN

JUNE, 1897.

Cortazzo Miss K

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The UNITARIAN

Volume XII. JUNE, 1897 Number 6.

GREAT CHAPTERS FROM THE GREATEST BOOK.

The great worth of the Bible to all who seek the righteous life is sufficiently proved in history by the strength, inspiration, and comfort it has afforded. In the present series of articles on "Great Chapters from the Greatest Book" the best results of criticism are set forth in a popular way, and an effort is made to emphasize those deep religious truths that are good for all time.

THE BOOK OF JOB. CHAPTER I.

(*Continued.*)

After the elaborate prologue (described in the May *Unitarian*) the drama opens with a scene which remains unchanged to the close. The stricken hero, Job, sits on an ash-filled waste place outside his home, and near by the three friends, strongly contrasting with Job in appearance; for Job has been reduced to poverty and seared by disease, while his friends represent all the wealth which that age could furnish, in full vigor of health, luxury, and power, richly dressed, cultured, refined, wise, yet deeply moved by sympathy with their tried friend, and anxious to help, if by any means they might find a way. One thing, however, they do not in the least apprehend; and that is, what has been taking place in the mind of Job. They realize his outward disasters: it is those for which we find them grieving. But they do not seem to realize what Job has been thinking, what his heart has been suffering, the pain, the sense of wrong against which his very soul is rebelling. So that, when Job suddenly wrings the silence with a scream of pain, pouring forth his first passionate cry of anguish, they are surprised.

"Perish the day in which I was born," is Job's first speech. "Let darkness and the shadow of death hide it. Let the stars of its twilight be darkened. Let it long for light, and have none. Would that I were dead! To sleep! There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary are at rest. Why is life given to those who long for death; yea, who rejoice when they can find a grave?"

When Job's friends hear this, they feel that the time has come for some spoken sympathy. So Eliphaz, in a beautifully dignified, truly Oriental manner, gently says, he hopes that without offending his old friend, who has himself been such a wise counsellor of others, he may remind him of what Job seems to have forgotten,—that it is the Great Physician who maketh sore, and bindeth up, who woundeth, and maketh whole. Therefore, happy is the man whom God correcteth. Despise thou not the chastening of the Almighty.

Now, if Job's friends were surprised when Job, after so long an apparent Stoic calm, first broke forth into complaint, they are still more astonished when to this kind sympathy of his old companion he angrily replies: "Is this your kindness? Is this your sympathy? What would you make of me? Merchandise? Do you think I'm a bargain counter? Have I not lived always in the sight and consciousness of

the Almighty, and been obedient to him? Away with you! with your mouthing of pious phrases!" Then he continues his speech, heedless of whether his friends are there or not. "What *am I*, that God should treat me so? Does he think that I am made of brass? Oh that my sufferings were put together in one balance! They would be heavier than the sands of the sea! I loathe my life. Oh that God would crush me, and end me!"

Then he turns his speech directly toward Jehovah himself. And his friends may well tremble to hear such impious utterances: "O thou watcher of men," he cries, "I know thou hast made me, thou hast knit me together, clothed me with flesh, given me life; but for what purpose? If you had only left me alone and never created me, I should never have known anything, and all this torture could not have touched me. But no: you made me, you gave me senses and feelings; and then you have turned upon me to hunt me, to tear me with the fangs of a lion, beat me with a thousand rods, and tread me in the mire. I am powerless. Not a moment can I snatch from agony. I cannot take a single breath but sharp pains search my bones, burning darts pierce my soul. Have you no compassion? You who can shake the world if you wish, who can tear up mountains by the roots, what do you set upon me for? I am but a thing of dust, and you know it. Yet, dust that I am, I *demand* justice. Either give me justice, or LET ME GO."

Job's friends are now horrified. They gather near, and hasten to cry to him:—

"Job, Job, this is profanity. We must tell you pretty plainly, as you seem to blind yourself in your own conceit, that God never makes people suffer unless they well deserve it; and doubtless, therefore, you must indeed have been a wicked man for the Almighty to be obliged to visit you with such punishment as this."

"Punishment!" cries Job. This makes him more indignant than ever. The thoughts that had accumulated in his mind during his sufferings now reveal how far he has separated himself from the religious philosophy of his friends. They hold the old dogma of God governing by physical visible reward and punishment. Wherever there is goodness, there is health and prosperity. Wherever there is sin, there also comes the punishment, the *curse*, sickness and suffering.

Job says this is not true, for he says the *innocent* suffer. Ought not the good to have health and prosperity? There lies the tragic dilemma.

It is a dreadful position. Job clings heroically to the belief that God is good; yet he finds himself an innocent sufferer, suffering just as it seems to him only the wicked ought to suffer.

We draw toward the darkest hour of the night. "My courage is going," sobs Job. "My very soul is being *poured out*. I am the scoff of fools, I am the song of drunkards. God hath left me. Yes, I am *done with*. In the mire where he has cast me I lie, *like these ashes*."

For a moment, however, a rare, wonderful moment, there steals in, between the agony and the resentment, a gleam of softened emotion, the sweet and tender breathing of a gentler spirit than Job has yet shown,—a gleam such as you have sometimes seen upon a rugged coast at eventide, from beneath a mass of angry purple cloud a rosy light, touching all the broken rocks with delicate bloom, and gleaming between the fissures of the fearful cliffs, like angel smiles.

Job had challenged the Almighty. He had said some dreadful things, in the sublime security of his own integrity. In his effort to be true to himself, in the main, he had been right; but he had been indignant, perhaps proud. Now he yearns for that feeling he once had of *nearness to his God*. And a ray of hope, a faint recalling memory of the earlier days, cheers his soul. It is a breath of peace, a remembered fragrance of the happy garden where the dreams of childhood live forever, blossom-crowned!

A strange light is upon his pain-drawn face as he whispers, when at the very ebb of all hope, "And yet, and yet *I know that my Redeemer* LIVETH, that he will *appear at last;* that, though my body be consumed, yet *without it I shall see God*."

That inspired hope is realized. The climax of this profound and sacred drama is reached, by the appearance of the Almighty himself, in the thirty-eighth chapter.

His first words are, "Who is it that darkeneth counsel?" That is to say, who throws

a shadow over what I have made plain? who is it that has been misrepresenting my universe? Come! I will show you. Then follows that extraordinary review of the wonders of creation from the hour when the morning stars first sang together, and the bands of Orion were loosed, until the rolling earth, as now, teems with the inexplicable myriad wonders of life.

"Job," says the Almighty, "the suffering against which you rebel is a part of creation. *You* have no monopoly of it, foolish man. That which makes your misfortune so hard to bear is your own *resentment* of it. Be a man. Bear your woes; for these things are not punishment, but essential. And your very bearing of them manfully will bring about a revelation of still higher and yet higher and diviner things."

How manfully Job responds! This is a very different thing from being accused of wickedness, and told that his pains were punishment. If the infinite God needs Job's brave endurance of dreadful pain toward the working out of the unborn wonders of his creation, why, Job will give it; and he does. "O God," he cries, "I am of small account. I have uttered that which I understood not. Previously I have heard of thee by hearsay, but now I apprehend thee myself, I see thee with my soul's eye! I will rebel no more."

These are the last words of the drama. The little epilogue tells us that Jehovah afterward reproved Job's friends, charging them with misinterpreting the facts of life in saying that suffering was the result of sin, that he restored Job to prosperity and made his name a blessing to the world. But it is not this for which we care. Our hearts are with the Job who suffered and rebelled and repented, and came at last to feel the love of the eternal Father.

Let us take short views. Let us not climb the high wall till we get to it, or fight the battle till it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys and blessings that we have by the sinful fear that God will take them away from us. We need all our strength and all the grace God can give us for to-day's burdens and to-day's battle. To-morrow belongs to our heavenly Father.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

THE VALLEY WAY.

Going home the Valley way,
Through the fields of clover,
Narrow lanes with trails of hay,
'Cross whose path a brooklet lay,
Where I pass over.
From afar a candle's beam
Shoots its glint across the stream,
As I pass over.

Candle at a window's pane,
As I pass over,
Sends its ray adown the lane;
Aching feet are strong again,
As I pass over.
Faces at the door to meet,
Prayer and song from voices sweet,
Hands to clasp and lips to greet,
As I pass over.

Going home the Valley way,
Shall I pass over?
When these thinning locks are gray,
When the sun shall close the day,
Shall I pass over?
When I cleave the darker night,
If my soul discerns aright,
I shall pass over.

Hearts of earth! forego your care,
As I pass over.
Friends will set a beacon there,
Voices join in song and prayer,
As I pass over.
Odors sweet my steps shall guide,
And the streamlet's song abide,
Till, with rarer sight supplied,
I shall pass over.

H. M.

Ithaca Unity Club.

THE LIBERAL.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. HORATIO STEBBINS, D.D., AT THE OPENING OF THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT PORTLAND, ORE., MAY 5.

It is common for us to say there are two kinds of men in the world, depending on the point of view from which we see them,—whether in the large historical way or the narrow village-moralist way. History has a line of cleavage running through it, like the seam in a block of marble, dividing men off on one side or the other,—Cain or Abel, Peter or Paul, Guelfs or Ghibellines. Then, if we look at men in respect to their endowments or character, the tendency and drift of their temperaments and acquired quali-

ties, we judge of them according to our own view, as divided into saints and sinners, honest men and knaves. Carlyle, whose burning satire sometimes gave the truth a kind of blue flame, said there were thirty million of people in England, mostly fools; and we have all heard that there are two kinds of fools.

What is it to be a liberal mind? No man's head is the complete orb of truth, and no man's heart sends forth the full effulgence of love. Liberality is all-aroundness, many-sidedness, ocean-souled, human-hearted. To see the many-sided and infinite nature of truth, to look over and beyond the walls of narrow personal experience, to step off the treadmill of habit, to feel the free air of heaven and the light of the sun in the narrow cell of vocation, to do one thing and yet know how infinitely small it is compared with the whole,—to have some conception like this, a flash of it even, as of lightning beyond the horizon streaming up our sky, is the very first condition and possibility of the liberal mind. The liberal discerns and feels truth, the glory of the world and the glory of God, as they come from all quarters of the heavens, borne on all the winds.

Let us frankly and liberally confess that there are but few such. There are many men who cannot be liberals, and it is not their fault; but God has graduated truth to every condition and to every variety of mind. What is it as applied to religion? It is often confounded with toleration. But toleration is mere material exchange, and paying one's debts, and no thanks or obligation to any one,—allowing to another what you ask yourself. Liberality is understanding another's thought, appreciating another's view, and realizing in one's own imagination and sensibility the truth in all sentiments that have had the large consent of other minds. The liberal understands what he does not believe, whether it be the high doctrines of Oriental imagination, the bleak wastes of Calvinism, or the pathetic idolatry of the devotee, who croons softly, caresses and kisses the image of Mary.

With some, liberality means only liberty, wild and loose license. But such dangers beset all great principles. They are exposed to be interpreted on a lower plane. But if we have a true idea of what it is to be a liberal, and have a touch of the spirit of truth, we shall discern that it is a question of, Can you? Are you? While we are true to our own common nature and true to our own convictions, we must still hold that the largest part of mankind is still in the infancy of thought, and needs specific directions, definite rules of opinion,—in short, a dogmatic religion.

In this the Greek and Roman Catholic churches act a great and providential part in the historic scene, while Protestantism is beginning to feel the tingling beams of the day-spring from on high. Thus the liberal in religion has a glimpse of universality; and, as the climates of the world enfold the earth and sea, so the spirit of God enfolds the world of men.

Let me say a word of the liberal in politics. Politics, in the true sense, is an extended morality: it is an appeal to the common thought and level feelings that are and must be below the highest standards of human action. The commonwealth has a conscience, but it is not the conscience of the individual. It has bulk rather than height. We are Americans, without inquiring whether the name is an accident or a usurpation. It is historic, and stands for perhaps the most remarkable combinations of human society in the world. Our nation is the mingling of many bloods and races,—white, negro, Chinese, Indian, English, French, German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and all of the rest. The American is a type of universal man. Our Constitution is the most human instrument ever constructed for the government of men. It contains greater latent good yet to be unfolded for human welfare than any other writing, parts of the Bible excepted, on the earth. Its principles, when fully unfolded, are the principles of the New Testament; and, if I were left to the creeds of Christendom, from the council of Nice to the latest utterances of the latest synod, and the Constitution of the United States, I would take the Constitution as my guide and my hope.

To be a liberal in politics is to have this mind of the country. It is to be an American above all local provincialisms of politics or religion. It believes in the people,—that they are honest, and that the bad and the dangerous are those who deceive and mislead the people by appealing to their

passions and prejudices or their griefs. What are called the corruptions of politics correspond to the sectarian meannesses and ambitions of religion; and, where the two unite, the tiger hate and the vulpine cunning are one. Thus the liberal in politics will allow no such union. The attempt to form a political alliance against any sect is only a modern way of kindling a fire for heretics; and shibboleths and secrets are a feeble attempt to establish a political Carbonari in a republic like ours. Any attempt to do it shows how little sway liberal principles have gained over us.

What part have we Unitarians, a small body compared with the sects of Christendom, to act in the great historic scenes of country and mankind? A great volume is now closing, and a new volume is to be opened. Never again, though ages pass away, never any more on earth shall be seen forms and fabrics that we have seen. Human planes of thought and schemes of God are taking their place among departed shades in that vast mausoleum which receives, sooner or later, all human creations. One era is coming to an end,—the era of a titled church intrusted with a monopoly of divine grace, and of a God that devours his own children. Another era has begun. A new dayspring from on high gleams on the horizon; and the simple Christian creed of righteousness and love shall remain to enlighten ignorance, fight with wrong and sin, and lead man on to the destiny that God shall provide. There is no infallibility for man: all new knowledge is revelation; all experiences of the soul are private property; and any pretension to unadulterated truth in any sect or name, or to any sort of spiritual patent rights for salvation, is as absurd as the mythical founding of Rome by the twin brothers suckled by a wolf.

Protestantism is only a modified Roman Catholicism; infallibility transferred from the church to the Bible; a new edition of the same old print. The weakness of Protestantism was and is its doctrines of an infallible book, with no infallible interpreter; and a creed that contained the truth, and nothing but the truth, derived from the infallible source. Out of this grew that vast system commonly called Calvinism, the theology of the eighteenth century,—the most masterly piece of logic ever framed by the mind of man. I have no quarrel with it. With all its moral grandeur, it had a fundamental misconception, enthroning God as the personification of infinite and eternal self-will, bound by no law, except to do as he pleased.

The theology of the eighteenth century was as great a misconception of the moral world under a righteous God as the Ptolemaic system was of the universe of suns and stars. It called God father, yet attached no responsibility to him for the existence of the family. By an error of human judgment, Calvinism was fundamentally unmoral. According to it, God made a world of human beings, suffering, striving, weak and sinful, yet hoping and trusting, destined to eternal perdition. Such was the force of superstition that none but a clear-eyed, daring soul could deny it. There have been some here and there who have denied it all along the historic ages, from Job, the great Arabian, to John Stuart Mill, the Englishman; rare souls who had the courage of their convictions, and health enough to know that some things that are said are not true; or, if they are true, their heroic souls will defy fate and take the consequences. Many of you will remember the famous words of Mill in regard to a theologic doctrine that was held to be essential to salvation: "If I must believe that or go to hell, then to hell I will go."

There is no infallibility for man. He is guided by opinions, judgments, probabilities; faith, hope, and love; great, general, and all-comprehensive truth, which, if you would define it too accurately, vanishes and spurns the thrall. At the present day a striking feature of our religious organizations is the fast-and-loose way in which men talk of the creed or of creeds. Much of it is often frivolity and joke, and much is a loose and slouchy use of words. The confessional differences between the various sects go for very little, and seem to have little or no significance of the spiritual life. Inasmuch as judgments of men and righteousness are subject to general facts of common sense, the tenacity with which some hold to these differences seems chiefly calculated to perpetuate the existence of rival organizations, and maintain the *status quo* in the distribution and strength of sects, some sects claiming that American liberty

was cradled in its creed, and that an Indian was baptized away back by them before anybody else thought of it. But this republic was neither cradled by nor born of any sect. Free government on this continent was the application of the principles of Protestantism to political society; and the assumption that any sect cradled or founded republican institutions is an idle conceit.

As I said, this fashion of thinking is gradually giving way. There are one hundred and forty sects in Christendom, or were a few weeks ago; and there may have been others added during the last week, and, the more creeds there are, the weaker they become.

Amid this general confusion there has arisen a kind of ecclesiastical conscience that can accept or believe almost anything if only one can have his own explanation of it. It is, in short, the fashion of having a creed that has no interpretation. There is something shrewd and foxy about it, like the man who says, "I'll agree to anything, if you'll let me write the contract"; but all men of good sense and uprightness would be very shy of such a one. I call this the ecclesiastical conscience, a concealed opinion under cover of the opinion expressed. It was this that impressed the mind of Abraham Lincoln, and led him to say that he would sign a creed if one could be found that he could sign without mental reservations.

I do not say that men are dishonest or hypocrites. I only say that they could not do business in that way for an hour or write a promissory note to have any value. But this inheres in and belongs to the very nature and method of the dogmatic system of religion. There is a trick of the mind in it. The prestidigitateur,—"Now you see, and now you don't see."

It seems to me that, if a man would be square with himself and square with his Maker, he must rest in some great truths, stately, large, and free. There are some things of our most profound conviction, which, if we strive to give them more definite conception, either vanish or involve us in confusion. The moment that religion is fixed in dogma, that moment the dogma begins to dissolve.

Unitarianism is not a dogmatic form of religion, but a way of thinking that corresponds with reason, common sense, and the great facts of man's experience. The protest that it makes against dogmatic Protestantism is of the same kind that Protestantism made against dogmatic Rome. Unitarians are a small body among the sects of Christendom, as Christendom is a small body compared with the human race; but Unitarianism, as a way of thinking, has an influence far beyond its numbers. Poetry is imbued with it, literature bears it on wings of power, and science proclaims it. The late Dean Stanley said that he did not hear a sermon in America that was not imbued with the spirit of Channing and Emerson. Religious reform is, of all, the slowest to move; but, as sure as day and night, the Christian religion is about to be placed upon a basis of reasonable fact,—physical, moral, and spiritual. The appeal to ignorance and fear and dread of mysterious consequences will give place to appeals to honor, the sense of justice, the latent affection for truth and goodness, the beauty and holiness of God. Before such powers, majorities are nothing. The world is young, and the paths of humanity are wet with dew; and man becomes a nobler spirit as he learns to gauge his opinions and actions by a scale commensurate with his nature. The vision is played. He who runs may read. Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come. It will not tarry long.

THE ROSE GARDEN OF THE HEART.

"Heresy to the heretic, and religion to the orthodox.
But the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller."
—*Inscription by Abul Fazl, for a Temple in Kashmir.*

Why any doubt about our life's best gift,—
Religion in its strength to help and cheer?
The royal rose we know is sweet and dear,
And can the heart to heaven's heights uplift;
And, when the petals in the garden drift,
To gardener they beautiful appear,
They tell him of the summer of the year,
And give his soul for joy a sacred thrift!
Let none deprive thee of the precious gain,
The years have grown far sweeter than the rose.
Religion is thy life, its worth maintain;
Hold all the good its Eden grounds enclose;
Love each delight, each hope and faith and truth;
In hearts these blossoms have eternal youth!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

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THE SIXTH QUESTION.

CAN I GIVE MYSELF?

Yes! But not except I am full of personal life myself. A tree, a mountain, the seas, the stars, cannot give themselves. A man must know *himself*, develop *himself*, make *himself* day by day, if he would have a self to give to others.

Accordingly, Jesus is not afraid to constitute the individual self as the centre of his religion. First, each man is to love God, alone with the Alone; and then, purified thus himself, he is to love his neighbor as he loves God in himself.

Self-sacrifice is thus not the denial, but the realization of ourselves,—of our highest selves. Our natural tendency when we love is to give ourselves freely away. It is one of the most beautiful and mightiest of our impulses.

But still God is greater than our heart. We may not, therefore, consent to the demands of others on our sympathies, except we recognize God to be in those demands. Every sacrifice of time, of opportunity, of talent, of mind and of strength, which God in our best humanity does not approve, is an iniquity. Not even our nearest and dearest have a right to ask that of us. We must lose ourselves in obedience to God before we can truly lose ourselves in human love. Otherwise self-sacrifice means increasing contempt both of ourselves and of those to whose love we yielded.

The best way therefore of helping our fellow-men is to live on our divine life as completely as possible.

Who is the surgeon that lives for his patients? He whose sympathies are all controlled by steadfast devotion to his profession, and the increasing knowledge and skill that inspires.

Who is the most helpful teacher? A man sensitive indeed to the doubts and needs of the student, anxious also to assist him, but still one who has lived, first, his own individual life of mental study very well.

Who best cheer and rest us when we are in trouble? Those who have added to the tenderness that weeps with us that power of inward conquest which puts iron into our failing, wavering hearts.

Once more then: Can I give myself? Yes! But only so far as I have first sought my eternal life as God sees it.

THE NEWSPAPER AND THE TOWN.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S GUILD AT ATHOL, MASS., BY WELLS L. HILL.

Taking the country editor as we find him to-day, I have no hesitation in declaring that, as a rule, there is no public worker anywhere who strives harder to satisfy his constituents. There is no one who has a more honorable or a more unselfish ambition. His newspaper is the pride of his own life. He tries his best to make it the pride of his town, too. He likes to hear of its being mentioned as an institution that has been indefatigable and influential in the town's best interests, and is worthy of the people's most cordial indorsement and favor. He is gratified when he is assured that his work is appreciated, but long experience in a hard school has taught him the futility of being unduly disturbed by the carping criticisms of fault-finders. He is quite in sympathy with the poet Riley, when he wrote:—

"My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied.
Jest do your best, and praise or blame,
That follows, that counts just the same.
I've allers noticed great success
Is mixed with trouble, more or less;
And it's the man who does his best
That gits more kicks than all the rest."

That the work of the country editor is held at its proper value by men whose experience in the affairs of life qualify them to speak with intelligence and authority, there is ample proof; and it is largely owing to the frank tributes paid these papers by men of this character that the local paper has in recent years gained materially in public estimation. These tributes have served to supplement in a most effective way the tendency of the newspaper itself to a higher intellectual standard and a broader and more positive field of usefulness. Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, said in one of his addresses during his recent work in Boston that the newspapers had been of the greatest possible aid to him in his religious work. He believed in the newspapers thoroughly, and expressed the opinion that, if the churches in every city and town were more zealous in cultivating pleasant relations with the papers and sought the benefit of their advertising columns more freely, they would no longer be obliged to preach to empty pews. "Advertise your sermons," he said to the ministers, keep your church doings freely before the public. Let the people outside your regular membership know what you are doing, what you are going to do, and what you want to do. In no other way can you so successfully attract the interest and support of the public. Our own churches here in town are excellent witnesses to the beneficent results of a free and judicious use of printers' ink. Not one of the Athol papers ever goes to press now without liberal mention of church affairs, reports of services and of matters concerning the social side of church life.

Wherever we find the pulpit and the press working hand in hand for the good of the people, we invariably find a community strongly buttressed by the principles which make for social order and advanced citizenship. The direct influence of the pulpit is, at best, restricted. The preacher speaks to only a few hundreds at a single time. The utterances of a newspaper are read by thousands. The minister, therefore, who realizes the limitations of his position, frankly recognizes the fact that he cannot reach from the pulpit the many hundreds of people who may need the teachings of religion the most, and are perhaps accessible through the columns of the local newspaper, and avails himself of the privileges which the editor always freely extends to him, shows at once his own practical common sense, and his freedom from that narrowness and scepticism which have often kept the pulpit and the press severely apart, the one looking upon the other as nothing but a cheap purveyor of news,— and not always the most printable news, either,— in league perhaps with the very forces with which the pulpit has most sharply to contend, and ready at any time to sell its editorial favors to the highest bidder; the other resenting this contemptuous and unworthy attitude, striking back with vigor, and sometimes, doubtless, in unworthy and unmanly ways.

In the days of the old orthodoxy, when the church arrogated to itself about all the goodness and virtue that obtained in a community, and regarded with severity and disfavor any public voice that contended with itself for influence among the people, the pulpit and the secular press were usually

found in sharp hostility to each other, often, no doubt, with little judgment or reason on either side, but always with more charity and tolerance on the side of the newspaper, I am bound to believe.

Happily, we do not find these conditions existing so commonly in these days of religious liberty and tolerance, and of a press itself freer and more advanced. Wherever you find them existing at all, you may be prepared to find religious ideas of the most bigoted character, and newspapers that have nothing but the most selfish and sordid notions of their duty and mission.

Truth left the starlight for the morn,
Man evermore to bless;
And Liberty and Law were born
When came to earth the Press.

The ridge from out the shadow grew,
And all the world was bright,
When dreaming Franklin found the true
Increase of living light.

As armies marching to the noon,
The moving types rolled on,
And left behind one common boon,
The light of ages gone.

All that high thought its own might reach
To him who delves the clod,
That so the printed page might teach,
And turn the soul to God.

Move on, O Press! your mission yet
A higher place for man,
For in truth's realm no bound is set
To wisdom's final plan.

We hear a good deal said nowadays about the sensational character of the newspapers, how their columns teem day after day with reading matter and illustrations that are offensive in the highest degree to every instinct of refinement and delicacy. You cannot fail to note, however, that publications of this character are confined almost wholly to the daily newspapers,—the great city sheets whose ends are largely mercenary, and which are growing more and more reckless in their disregard of the most honorable traditions of journalism, and contempt for what has so long constituted the true *morale* of the profession. These scavengers of the press are prostituting a high and noble mission to their own infamous ends by pandering to the lowest and most vicious tastes. They eagerly search out news that is unfit to be spread before the public gaze; and, when they cannot find what they want among the dregs and cesspools of society, they deliberately go to work and manufacture it in their own workshops, giving to the world as facts of actual occurrence, with a horrible amplitude of detail and vicious suggestion, things that never happened at all except in their own diseased and perverted imagination. They make and publish illustrations that put to the blush their very prototypes of the police gazettes, and they seem to rejoice in each succeeding triumph of obscenity and lasciviousness.

You will note, I repeat, that this class of journals is confined almost wholly to the city press. You will not find any country newspapers in the disreputable lot; and, when you reflect carefully, you will perceive, too, that the class of papers to which I allude are really few in number, and, though perhaps of large circulation, are wholly without influence except as contaminators of morals. In questions affecting the good of society and the advancement of political interests, they are not looked to for advice or opinion.

It is not difficult to tell how to deal with such sheets. They must be shut off from all connection with society as far as that can be done. This remedy is already being applied in the case of certain New York papers, which are being excluded from respectable reading-rooms, clubs, libraries, and other institutions in many of the cities and towns of the country. This is a most encouraging sign, and such a determined stand in behalf of good morals and a pure press will have a salutary effect upon other newspapers.

But, after all, are the newspapers that thus debase a worthy calling alone to blame for allowing such a stream of filth to flow over their pages? They would not do it if there was not money in it for them. There would not be money in it if the people did not flock in such hosts to buy and read the polluted mess so artfully prepared for them. Yes, the people themselves are to blame that such newspapers exist and flourish; and there will be such newspapers so long as there are people to patronize them, or until the law steps in to protect the people from their demoralizing effects. Just how far the law can fairly and reasonably go in

this direction is a mooted question. An important step is now being taken in New York, where a bill is before the legislature prohibiting the publication by any newspaper of the portraits of men or women without first obtaining their written consent. This movement is asserted to be in the interest of public morals and decency. I need not at this time discuss its wisdom and practicability; but any law that will check the bad tendencies of a certain class of newspapers, without infringing upon the reasonable liberty of the press in general or upon the legitimate rights of the public, will be hailed with satisfaction by all who have any respect for what is pure and wholesome.

I must revert again to the character of the country press and its so general freedom from what makes its contemporaries of the city, at least some of them, so offensive to clean ideas. I do not see much tendency in the old country weeklies of Massachusetts to adopt the so-called "New Journalism" methods. While advancing all the time along the lines of legitimate enterprise, and unceasing in their ambition to get all the local news that is fit to print, they, as a rule, scrupulously avoid the sensational features, and strive to reach the sober judgment and favor of those whose applause really counts for anything in communities like ours. The country papers wield a far greater influence among their readers than is generally supposed. In proportion to their circulation they are more influential than their city contemporaries. This is largely due to the fact that the editors of the weeklies are closer in touch with the people, and are more truly their representatives. The country editor goes in and out among his constituents day by day. He learns their opinions on general and local questions; and his own views, if he be honest with himself, are more or less tinged by the general thought. It is not fair to assume that the independence and individuality of an editor depend upon his superiority to all exterior influences, the opinions of his neighbors, the sentiment of his church, the judgment of his club. In his editorial utterance he may be in full accord with all these, and be more or less swayed by their collective mind, and yet give his paper a character of its own, a breadth and freedom and independence of thought that may make it a power for good, and the truest type of a popular representative.

ENVIRONMENT.

The Moral Environment, or the Worth of the Tradition of Worship and Righteousness.

BY REV. SETH C. BEACH.

"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."—Ps. i. 3.

This is said of the man who kept the law, or whom, it might quite as well have been said, the law kept. The law kept him because he kept the law. That law can still be read in the book of Leviticus, the dullest book in the world to a modern reader; but the day was when its forms and ceremonies were natural expressions of worship, and then it was possible to speak of it as being to the soul that loved it what a river is to the trees on its bank.

Watts, Doddridge, and Wesley sing in the same strain, but their subject is the gospel:—

"Pour, blessed gospel, glorious news for man,
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll."

"Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathering beams of ages shine."

"'So,' saith the God of grace,
'My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend.'"

Christian writers do not perhaps quite realize that they can say no more of their gospel than the psalmists could say of the law. But let us listen to them: "He established a testimony in Jacob and appointed a law in Israel which he commanded our fathers to make known to their children,—that they might set their hope in God." "The law of thy mouth is better than gold." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord; he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season."

There is no doubt that the law was to the devout Hebrew all that the psalmists have said it was. Even Paul, who had found a more excellent way, declared that the law had been to him a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ. To use a modern phrase, the law was part of the "environment" of a Hebrew, and it was that part of his environment which had to do with his soul, with his inner, spiritual life.

It is noticeable how highly he valued that part of his environment; and when we contrast the Hebrew with his neighbors, the Moabite and the Ammonite, and remember that under much the same material conditions the Moabite and Ammonite have left us absolutely nothing distinctive or tangible, while the Hebrew has left us by far the richest religious legacy of antiquity, he does not seem to have overrated the rigid ceremonial code which taught him obedience and served him as a moral discipline.

Environment.

We have heard so much in these latter days of the "environment" that it might almost seem to be an element of existence which had just made its appearance, or, at least, had just been discovered. If we had no record of the voyage of Columbus, we could fix its date very nearly by the mark which the event made in literature, the references to a new world, the emergence of a new geographical name, and the descriptions of a new people. So of the sewing-machine, the telegraph, and the printing-press: if all our handy books of reference were lost, a future antiquarian could run through the literature of our era and see when these instruments began to be mentioned, and fix approximately the date of their invention. His logic would be sound and his result justified.

But now he might be struck by the fact that, about the time he met with the word "telegraph" or "sewing-machine," writers began to speak of "the environment." The environment surely could not be a new thing in the world, but would it not seem to him that it was a new discovery?

Does it not almost seem to us as if it were something which our generation had discovered and of which our predecessors were blindly ignorant?

In reality, what we have done is to invent a new name for an old fact, an old element of existence. When did men not know the power of circumstances, surroundings, conditions, and talk about them? When it was said that "circumstances make the man," it was what we call a half-truth, but to say "environment" tells neither more nor less. Dr. Johnson perhaps never wrote the word "environment," unless it may have been in his dictionary; but who has asserted its power with more emphasis? "There is," he says, "no permanent national character: it varies with circumstances. Alexander the Great swept India; now the Turks sweep Greece."

Neither "environment," "surrounding," nor "circumstances," is named in the Bible; that is, these words are not used, but we should be wide of the mark to suppose that the influence of outward conditions was not known to the writers. We read in Job, "Can the rush grow without mire, can the flag grow without water?" Our term "environment" might put this in scientific language, but it would tell us no new fact. We might write the word "environment" all through the parable of the Sower; but we should only learn that the seed sown among thorns would be choked, and that sown upon good ground might bring forth a hundred-fold.

No New Factor.

I do not mean to say that the talk of a generation concerning the environment has been purposeless, but that it has not been like the discovery of a new factor in existence. It is the same old factor which has been known since primitive man clothed himself in skins as a protection from the cold, since his unclothed forefather selected the sheltered side of a rock to protect him from the wind or the shady side to cover him from the heat.

What we have been doing in our time is, by observation and experiment, to determine exactly the relation of this or that element in the environment to organism or, more generally, to an object. We have analyzed water to find its elements, and have discovered exactly how much oxygen and how much hydrogen combine to make water; we have isolated the little beast that

propagates cholera, so that we now know exactly our enemy; and in a thousand ways we have learned to know, not merely that we have an environment, but what is in it.

In the second place, we have studied the cumulative effects of environment upon individuals and races, and find it to have been a factor in shaping the present life of the globe out of pre-existing forms.

Other generations have known that circumstances (*i.e.*, much or little feeding) could make a large animal or a small one. They have surmised that climate might have made the difference in color between the black man and the white man; but certainly no former generation ever had seriously to confront the suggestion that the ape and the man had a common ancestor, and that an accumulation of little differences of structure through uncounted generations had separated them by what seems an impassable gulf.

In fact, the gulf is impassable. Thousands of people have stoutly denied the possibility of deriving man from the ape, the monkey, or the baboon. And they are perfectly right: no scientific man ever propounded any such theory. What the Darwinian says is, in substance, that man has not always been as he is now, nor the baboon as he is now; that, as you go back along the line of human ancestry, you find the human skeleton assuming forms resembling that of the ape. Flattened human skulls have actually been found in the bone-caves which strikingly suggest the chimpanzee. Meanwhile, the ape has undergone a similar modification, so that it is not the ape of to-day from which the human race is supposed to have descended, but his predecessor, neither ape nor man, but with certain ape-like, man-like characteristics common to both.

From this ancestor—there may have been thousands of him—one line branches off toward the apes and another toward man. By the time a fully developed ape and a fully developed man appear, the gulf between them is impassable; but it may have been imperceptible in the beginning. What gulf is more impassable than that between the horse and the dog, or between a hoofed animal and one with fingers and toes? But the horse skeleton has actually been traced back to an ancestor with three toes, preceded by one with four toes, preceded by one with five toes. (Le Conte, "Evolution and its Relation," p. 58.)

Impassable is the gulf between birds and reptiles; but the first birds were so much like reptiles that there is often a doubt whether they are to be classed as reptilian birds or as bird-like reptiles (*ibid.*, p. 12). Impassable is the gulf between the fish and the reptile; but the pollywog breathes with gills, and is at that stage as much a kind of fish as if he were not one day predestinated to become a reptile. Moreover, there are animals which are gill-breathing in water and lung-breathing on land (*ibid.*, p. 62). Note this fact because our next question will be as to the effect of environment upon life. It appears there are creatures, gill-breathing in water, which become lung-breathing when the water dries up or they are removed to a dry region.

There still remains the impassable gulf between animal and vegetable life. It is impassable: no one would plant a seed expecting to have it come up a dog or a rabbit. But there are organisms which partake of the nature of both animal and plant,—in which the type is not distinctly marked, or which, at one stage, behave like an animal and at another stage like a plant. (Encyc. Brit., Biology, p. 597.)

Granting that all these difficulties are passed, there still remains what seems the most impassable gulf of all, that between living matter and non-living matter. No instance of such a transformation is known, and the passage is generally supposed to be impossible under present conditions; but that is probably true of all the other steps that have been taken. If man were swept from the planet, he could not be reproduced by evolution of existing animals; if birds were exterminated, they could not be developed under existing conditions, from existing reptiles.

It is therefore according to analogy that organic matter should not arise from inorganic under present conditions. But if the theory of evolution is to be applied at all to the origin of life, it has to assume that there was a time when conditions were such that inorganic matter could assume rudimentary organic forms. (Encyc. Brit., Biology, Huxley, p. 596).

Environment and Life.

We have practically answered the question which we are about to take up; that is, "What has the environment to do in the development of life?" It would seem to have all to do with it, and that there is nothing which it does not do. But we may have to modify that opinion somewhat.

What now is necessary to the propagation of life as, apparently, in this world it has been propagated? First of all a tendency to propagate itself under favorable conditions,—reproduction. Reproduction involves heredity; living matter begets living matter; like begets like. But sometimes it does not; generally it does not precisely repeat itself. It is often said that no two leaves in a forest are exactly alike. No two children in the same family are quite indistinguishable to the mother; sometimes they are as different as if they had no relationship but that of Adam. Strangest of all, perhaps, a plant occasionally throws out a single bud with a new and sometimes widely different character from that of other buds on the same plant. (Darwin, "Origin," etc., p. 25.) Such plants the gardener calls "sports." Darwin says that there is no difference between such variations and those variations which we call deformities or "monstrosities," except that in the latter case the variation is injurious or grotesque (p. 52).

How do these variations come? We say by chance; that is what the gardener means when he calls his bud, the like of which was never seen before, a "sport." But Darwin tells us that is a name for our ignorance; when we do not know the real cause we say "chance." Something which we cannot detect affects the seed or the bud or the embryo, and we have a variation, a "sport," a deformity, or a monstrosity. Where is this "something"? It is in the environment (p. 137).

It depends, then, upon the environment whether an organism shall propagate at all. It depends next upon the environment whether the product shall be like or different; and in spite of an admitted tendency in an organism to repeat itself, it never quite succeeds.

We have, then, from unknown causes, a tendency to variation. A seed propagates with variations; those variations propagate with variations; and so on. What hinders that we do not have indefinite variations and no fixed species or varieties? The answer is "natural selection." Other causes are mentioned,—*e.g.*, use and disuse of organs; but the main agent is "natural selection." When the gardener wishes to preserve and develop a variation he destroys all plants differently marked. He selects those in which the desired variation reappears. Nature does the same. Nature simply desires a variation that can live under her conditions; all other specimens she weeds out. So she forms species and varieties and keeps them within narrow lines. Any little step beyond her boundaries, and the creature goes. Here again the environment comes in to determine whether a variation shall live or die.

Now which is the more important factor in the development of species, the tendency of an organism to repeat itself,—that is, "unity of type,"—or the environment in which it happens to be? Mr. Darwin says, "The law of the conditions of existence is the higher law, as it includes, through the inheritance of former adaptations, that of unity of type" (p. 200). He means, I suppose, that circumstances determine whether the organism shall breed true or vary, and circumstances determine whether the old type or some variation of the type shall survive.

Shakspere, according to the critics, was everything except religious. Was he also a Darwinian? In "Antony and Cleopatra" he makes Lepidus say, "You have strange serpents there," meaning in Egypt. Antony answers, "Ay, Lepidus." Lepidus says, "Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile."

It is evident what the simple repetition upon repetition of type, what we commonly understand by heredity, would do. Starting with a rudimentary cell, it would give us rudimentary cells without number and without end.

Heredity.

With that alone we should all be rudimentary cells and there would have been nothing else.

The environment produced a variation upon the cell; it preserved that variation

and emphasized it; it repeated the process for uncounted generations; and, finally, your serpent was bred of your mud by the action of your sun, as the learned Lepidus in Shakspere says. And this is what we call heredity, a process in which the environment plays a master part.

If I had started out with the assertion that, in the development of character, a thousand times more depends upon the environment in which you place a child than upon any trend of blood in his ancestors, it is possible that many of you would have indorsed the opinion, for it has always been a question whether nature is more potent or education more potent in shaping character.

But some of you who have seen blue eyes or light hair or business aptitude or scholarly tastes or shiftless habits transmitted from father to son for three or four generations, would have asked if I had forgotten there is such a thing as heredity. There is; but even in the physical sphere it is at the mercy of the environment.

There is such a thing as heredity; but it operates in most unaccountable ways even in the same family. Sometimes the likeness of the children, now to one parent, now to the other, is very marked; quite as often it is slight, and in thousands of cases the relationship has to be known before it can be seen.

There is such a thing as heredity, but a Frenchman and an Englishman are not more unlike than John Shakspere and William Shakspere, Oliver Cromwell and Richard Cromwell, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett and William Everett, Abraham Lincoln and Robert Lincoln. There is such a thing as heredity, but it appears in the transmission of long established characteristics, not often in the repetition of the uncommon, of that which the gardener would call a "sport." Or, as Darwin puts it, "natural selection acts only by the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications, each profitable to the preserved being."

Nature of Genius.

Shakspere, if he had the endowments which the critics suppose, was what the gardener calls a "sport." He was like that exceptional bud which a plant throws out, we know not why. He was that exceptional throw of nature's dice, cast into the dramatic atmosphere of London in the most dramatic period of English literature. Shakspere was not such a genius as to write "Othellos" and "Macbeths" without the training of the Globe Theatre; but he was born with a genius which he could not transmit. It was an individual peculiarity not shared by his brothers, not marked in his line of ancestry; and that kind of individual peculiarity is not often transmissible.

Something in the environment doubtless produced the prodigy. If you could repeat the conditions, you could perhaps reproduce the result, but it is not what we call inheritable. Still less transmissible was the acquired skill which turned the writer of "Titus Andronicus," of the age of thirty,— a play which no one reads a second time,— into the writer of "Lear," of the age of forty-four,— a play which the Shakspere scholar knows by heart. Acquired skill or aptitude is not perceptibly transmissible at all; that is, not in the blood. If it were, we should have larger heads and better brains than our fathers, as well as more modern ideas; but it is doubtful if we have much larger heads or better brains than Chaucer or Alfred the Great, or Hengist and Horsa.

How, then, is the skill or aptitude of one generation transmissible to another? A child is very apt to follow the vocation of his father, and a good business man is more apt than a bad one to have a thrifty, systematic, and successful son. We all agree with Dr. Holmes that it is good for a boy to tumble around in a library, and that, if he has the happiness to have had four or five generations of scholarly ancestors, it is well for him. How does the contagion reach him if not through the blood? The answer is, through tradition. In one family scholarship is a family tradition, and you cannot make a man of business; in another, business is a family tradition and you cannot make a scholar.

Conditions of Environment.

Of course one's environment is not always the four walls of the household, and

other conditions come in. Take the son of a London brewer, and send him to Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and the great educator may make him Chancellor of Oxford or Archbishop of Canterbury. His most effective inheritance then runs along the line of the world's great scholars and thinkers, in spite of a direct ancestry of English brewers. Fifteen years before Charles Darwin was born, Erasmus Darwin, his grandfather, had reached the conviction that there were no absolutely distinct species eternally separate and immutable. Surely this looks as if Darwin might have inherited his ideas from his grandfather. But in a little book, "The Ethical Import of Darwinism" (p. 53), President Schurman says, "Lamarck was the true precursor of Darwin." Lamarck was a Frenchman. The line of descent was not that of blood, but of scientific tradition. It was not a difference in blood that made the Hebrew another man from the wild Bedouin of the desert: their blood was the same. Their environment was different, their moral and religious traditions were different. The Psalmist was right in glorifying the Law. More than anything else he owed to its discipline his distinction among men. To that same tradition Paul owed a debt which he was wise enough to acknowledge; and Jesus owed a debt which surely he did not disown, but which, in making him a supernatural being and a god, his followers have blindly ignored.

We owe to that same Hebrew tradition a debt which we cannot estimate. Our churches are the direct children of the synagogue; our worship is chiefly their legacy; our morals are largely built upon the Ten Commandments; our social safeguards and restraints—sometimes Hebrew, sometimes Roman, sometimes, perhaps, Anglo-Saxon—are chiefly race traditions, coming down to us not always along the line of ancestry. It is well known that the educated Japanese are, to all intents, Europeanized. This is especially true of a Japanese youth educated in this country. In four or five years he writes our language, accepts our religion, adopts our morality, and thinks our thoughts. He has come under the influence of a new set of religious, moral, intellectual, and social traditions; and it has undone for him the work of centuries and done for him what has also for us been the work of centuries.

Take your boy or mine and reverse the process which has made over the Japanese; that is, let him fall out of this line of social and moral tradition which upholds the civilized man, let him live in the streets like an Arab, and what matters his parentage? He will be an Arab whatever his parentage. "It may be stated with certainty," says Taine, "that if the leading prejudices of the community should suddenly disappear, man, deprived of the precious legacy transmitted to him by the wisdom of the ages, would at once fall back into a savage condition and again become what he was at first, a restless, wandering, hunted brute." (Quoted by Batchelor, *New World*, December, 1894.)

Evolution does not Repeat.

All analogy goes to show that the processes of evolution do not repeat themselves. There was a time when inorganic matter may have become organic, there may have been a time when an indeterminate cell branched into vegetable and again into animal life; but no one supposes that such things are possible now. It is so, doubtless, with customs, institutions, and modes of worship.

It is doubtless true, as has been said, that "if all the roses in the world were rooted up, there would be no more bridal roses forever. If marriage and the home, the finest product of evolution, were rooted out, we have no reason to believe they would ever return. For the evolution has been in the custom and the tradition and not in human nature." (Batchelor, *New World*, p. 750, December, 1894.)

The same is true of the Church, its accustomed observances, the habit of worship. They have been of great use to the world. They are of service still. One does not know what will be their fate in the fierce struggle for life to which customs and institutions are subjected in our time. But one does know that when an individual is not trained to them or when he gives them up, for him they are gone. Only Mr. Moody, with his potent spells, can bring them back, and generally not even he. Lock the doors of the churches for one generation, mount the boys and girls upon

bicycles, feed them upon Sunday newspapers, and the service of prayer and praise, as our fathers knew it, and as, happily, we know it, will be gone forever.

It needs to be said, however, that this is true of religion no further than it is true of other modes of culture. Poetry, like religion, has grown up through the ages. Our age does not create what we call "folk lore"; our bards do not improvise heroic ballads at our feasts; our children do not instinctively lisp in numbers. Poets in this age are made; they are not born. I have heard a story of Tennyson, which may not be true. Some one was commenting upon the apparent naturalness of the poet's verse, and specified a certain line which had evidently written itself. "Written itself!" exclaimed Tennyson; "why, I smoked fourteen cigars on that line." Your best poet to-day does not grow by nature; he is made by art.

Now close the books of poetry for a generation, abolish the poet's corner in the newspaper, bring up a generation of children upon electrical engineering varied by football, and how much poetry would there be in its atmosphere? If Homer and Shakspere remained on the shelves of the archæological museum, the curious student might try his hand at an imitation of their verse, but, presumably, the poetic traditions would not again be recovered. I do not think men will cease to write poems, in any generation, or cease to worship; but the mould in which poetry, as the mould in which worship, was originally cast, is broken. The tradition and habit of them remain. If they were to go from us they would go, presumably, beyond recall.

Hold Fast the Good.

If you wished, in this age, to breed a poet, you would educate him to poetry; you would keep him under the spell of poetic traditions. In precisely the same way, if you would like to see your child religious, you must educate him to religion and keep him under the spell of religious traditions. Dr. Theodore Munger truly says: "We cannot afford, in this day, to let anything in the way of religious observance pass away without the severest challenge. We can do nothing better for ourselves, for our families, for our faith, than to secure for them a full, ministering environment of religious custom" ("Freedom," etc., p. 212). The great lesson is, according to the maxim of Paul, "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good"; for, as he again says, "We have our treasure in earthen vessels."

GOD THE FATHER.

BY A LAYMAN.

What is the primary, the fundamental relation of God to humanity?

The answer seems plain. He created man. He endowed his creatures with such powers, capacities, faculties, and propensities as he saw fit. He placed these creatures on this earth, which was also constituted precisely as he saw fit. This is true whether we accept the doctrine of evolution or the account of the creation, as given in the first chapter of Genesis, as that chapter was read and understood until very recently.

God is therefore our Father in the profoundest sense of the word. It was he that created us, and not we ourselves. In him we live and move and have our being. In his sight the hairs of our head are numbered. All, of whatever shade of theological opinion, agree to this.

In all discussion, in all reasoning, in all speculation as to God's dealing with his human creatures, this is to be borne in mind, —that we are considering the dealings of a father with his children.

It may, indeed it must, be assumed in all reasoning concerning the action of the Infinite, and the finite as well, that there is but one standard of right. True, his ways are unsearchable and past finding out. But he established the standard of right, and that standard is universal. There may be difficulties in ascertaining what is right in particular cases. That is the result of human limitations of reason and knowledge. But there is one right, however difficult may be its attainment; and that should always be sought for, no matter what may be the apparent consequences.

No doubt men often do and often should waive their rights in particular cases, and this wisely as well as kindly. But such action, however praiseworthy it may be,

makes no difference as to what constitutes right. For the sake of peace, good will, and many other considerations, one may concede what is absolutely his right; and it would be well if this were oftener done. But, all the same, it is a concession of a right. Such a concession should be so conditioned that a wrong is not done to another person unless he is willing to waive his right in the matter. So that what would be a proper thing to do under one class of circumstances would not be so under another and different class.

Coming, then, to the relations of man to his Creator, his Father, the theologians have almost always treated them as those of a subject to a ruler. God is regarded as a sovereign, a ruler, a legislator, a judge. He has imposed upon his subjects certain laws, prescribed certain rules of action. Obedience to those laws, compliance with those rules, secure his favor and happiness, if not in this life, certainly in the life to come.

Disobedience is followed by punishment, to some extent in this life, and by never-ending suffering in the life hereafter. Further, every human being has violated those laws and thereby become subject to the penalty. But the Infinite Ruler has provided a means by which a portion of the race may escape the general doom.

It would seem to be a self-evident proposition that a Creator must take into consideration the well-being of his creatures when exercising the creative act. It would hardly be denied that it would not be right for a finite being, endowed with the power of creating a conscious being, in the exercise of that power to bring into existence a being so constituted as to enter upon an existence of suffering never to cease. Such an act would shock the moral sense. And does not this apply with greater force to an Infinite Being, especially if he be a being of love?

We must assume omniscience as one of his attributes. He knows what must be the fate of every being that he creates. He knows, therefore, whether the being will be happy or unhappy. I cannot escape the conclusion that it would not be right for him to create beings that are to suffer everlastingly, and therefore any article of creed that any of his creatures are to suffer everlastingly cannot be true. But, says the objector, how then do you account for the unhappiness and misery in the world? Does not the fact, apparent to every one, contradict your reasoning? If this world, if this life, were all, I should say, Yes, and join the ranks of the pessimists. But I do not believe that this life and this world are *all*. All that we see and know are but the smallest fraction of the great whole. It is perfectly consistent with the fact that, in the whole scheme of the universe, the welfare and happiness of every conscious being in that universe are secured, and that there should still be the amount of suffering and wretchedness with which we are all so painfully familiar.

There has been no end of speculation as to the conditions existing and to exist in the other world. But there are absolutely no data whatever upon which to reason or from which to infer anything as to the particulars of life or being in that world. We know something as to what life is on this earth. We have nothing to enable us to know anything about that other life or how it is lived, and therefore we know nothing. We may have faith, and I do have faith, that, in some way, every one of the beings created by an infinite Father of love and wisdom will, at some time and in some way, come into harmony with his will, and thereby obtain complete happiness. Did I not have that faith, I should question either his goodness or his power.

It is not at all surprising that, considering only what is actually seen and known here, a very considerable school of thinkers should have arisen, holding that there were two rival deities, one good and one evil, and these were always in conflict, sometimes one and sometimes the other predominating,—the one striving to promote the good, the other the evil of the race.

Upon the assumption that God is our father, and that such assumption is to be constantly kept in mind; further, that he is a being infinite in wisdom, goodness, and power, and assuming immortality for the race,—then we can reasonably have faith that the good and final well-being and happiness of every one of his children will be secured.

I once heard an eminent professor in one of our leading theological seminaries say in a sermon that God was disappointed in

the results of the creation of man. I once heard in Scotland a clergyman preach a sermon, taking for his text a verse from one of the Psalms attributed to David, "Wherefore hast thou made man in vain?" and demonstrating, as he thought, that God did make man in vain, that the Infinite Being's plans in the creation were frustrated, and, as a consequence, the great mass of human beings would suffer everlastingly,—all which shocks my moral and intellectual sense. Such contention reduces God from an infinite to a finite being. But it is said that man was created a free agent. He was and is free to obey and disobey; and this freedom of action is an essential element in any true manhood.

But the Creator knew precisely how the created being would act. He created him with such powers and propensities as would determine his action in the varying circumstances in which he would be placed. This must always be borne in mind. Men are so different in their organization, in their original constitution, in the way in which they are made, that what is to one a temptation to a given kind of wrong-doing which he cannot or will not resist is to another no temptation at all. Take a familiar and commonplace example. There are some who readily yield to the temptation to drink to excess. There are others to whom drinking constitutes no temptation. This arises from their different physical constitutions. Undoubtedly each was in a sense a free agent and could yield or resist. But, in point of fact, such was the constitution of one that he could not successfully resist, and the other could.

Now as to the fact that the Creator, when creating one of these men, knew that he would yield. If what I may call the free agency view be correct, and solves the difficulty, we are still necessarily brought to the conclusion that, in creating the one so constituted that he would yield, he intended that this one should enter upon an existence of never-ending suffering. This is so, because it is a familiar principle that every one *intends* what will be the necessary result of his action in any given case if known to him. I cannot think that this would be right. On the contrary, it would be a greater wrong than any finite being could commit.

Another consideration has been urged,—that God is a being of justice, and that, if one has offended his laws, justice must be satisfied, and this can only be done by the infliction of punishment. And some have gone so far as to maintain that, as the offence is committed against an Infinite Being, the penalty must be infinite. Therefore, the punishment must be pain that shall be endless. To save some, the scheme of vicarious atonement has been devised and elaborated with great ingenuity.

But what is meant by "justice" in this connection? The word has many conventional meanings. Its primary meaning is right. In that signification of the word, to do justice is to do what is right; and this brings us back to asking, "Would it be *right* for the Creator to impose such awful conditions on his creatures?" This question to my mind does not admit of argument. It is only by begging this question, or by leaping over it and stifling the promptings of the heart and conscience, that the theological systems have been worked out.

THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD.

Anniversary Sermon.

BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

"The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."—1 TIM. iii. 15.

When a great and noble religious teacher of our time sought for the fountain-head of the Church of the living God, he found it in what he defines as "the Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness," and then goes on to explore the truth with a rare and beautiful insight of a manhood in the ancient Israel which drank at this fountain, her prophets and seers, and won her away, with the manhood that was of their heart and mind, from her worship of the idols and of her doctrines and dogmas and her rites and ordinances, when these had hardened down to mere fossils and a valley of dry bones back—or forward, shall we say?—to the primal truth of the living God.

Then Jesus, the Messiah, came, still in the line of her great prophets and seers of righteousness; and he finds in him what he cannot find in those who came before him.

For, as many streams run into one great river we know of, each with some tang, or quality, which debars its fine fitness for our human life, yet, when they all flow together, this so attempers that, and the sweet mother-earth so blends them, that this river becomes the water of life for a splendid sister city, so, if I have caught his fine argument, the streams of tendency in these prophets and seers blend together so purely with his life and gospel, flowing fresh from the fountain of the Eternal not ourselves, that here, at length, is the river the streams whereof make glad the city of God on the earth.

And one truth touches me especially, as I trace the noble thought of our poet and seer through his chapters,—the truth of the imperial majesty of this Eternal not ourselves, the sun-like freedom with which it invades our life, and how surely this he touches is at the centre and in the heart of all the revelations of the divine truth which make for righteousness, which have come, do come, and will come while the world stands, and is something we can no more turn back or stay than we can turn back or stay Niagara where the water-floods bend over to the great deeps below.

The Eternal not ourselves will only treat with us, when you come to the marrow of the matter, as the seasons treat with us when they challenge us to observe their order and work to their holy lines and limits, or to neglect them at our peril, while, for standing true to their steadfast succession, they will pour into our lap their rich reward. This, I take it, is the primal truth of the Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness. It is imperial in majesty, and has nothing to say to our likes or dislikes, or our doctrines and dogmas of righteousness, as these may contradict or set at naught that which was revealed through the prophets and seers, and through Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God. And, again, it is through this Presence and Power, so imperial and absolute, that there is in this world a church of the living God we did not create and cannot destroy. For, as the masters in that wisdom tell us that, when you trace all material things to their primitive elements, there is still a secret they cannot fathom touching life and the universe, so, when we trace the conditions backward to the farthest line of human insight that could create the prophets and seers, and give to our world the Christ, there still lies, within and beyond them all, the secret of the Eternal not ourselves, which is as the white fire where all beside is only as the fuel.

And, as they themselves ascribe this divine fire which burns in their hearts to the living God, and steadily tell us this was his word they said and his work they were sent to do, and because we can see for ourselves how the word and the work make good their claim to this divine inspiration by bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, —for one, I am shut up to the faith that the last secret rests with, not ourselves, but with the living God, as the secret alike of the bluebell and the mariposa-pine rests at last with the sun.

And, again, I would say, This is true, not alone of the advent of the Church of the living God, but also of its continuance through all time; for, once born, his Church can never die, while yours may, or mine, and you can no more stamp it out than you can stamp out the oceans or the stars. Therefore, it has been proved true that, while very much of our religious life has been deformed and defiled by the things that have been done to drive this Church of the living God out of the world, all the chapters which hold the frightful story end, soon or late, in the defeat of the Inquisition and the victory of the new truth the Church holds in her heart with the old truth, which blooms forth forever, in some new and noble variation.

It is the presence and power of the living God in the souls of his elect, guarding his Church, making steel of no worth to slay, in the old time, or fire or the ravin of the beasts with tooth and claw to burn or tear his Church asunder, or, in this new time, the will of those who would whistle her down the wind or wither her fair flowering and fruitage with a sneer. The Church of the living God came to stay, as the planet came to stay her appointed time, and to become forever more fruitful in all goodness and righteousness and truth; and so I can find no room in my heart for the fear that, in these last times, we are to witness the death and burial of the Church of the living God. It was not by human hands that the seed was sown, and it is not within our human might to blast the harvest. In the beginning was the Word whence she sprang, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God; and so

"Our little systems have their day:
They have their day, and cease to be."

But he, the Eternal, holds his Church safe and sure and perennial as the springing of green grass this May and the blossoms that come to their fruitage in the golden autumn days.

But, once more, as there will be no ripe apple then which does not dip backward to a crab, and no fine wheat-ear which was not once a weed with the promise of the wheat in its heart, so the truth and the life from which the Church springs, forever new and forever young, must bourgeon out and ripen always to a fairer and nobler purpose, as it finds the happy soil and climate, and become so large and generous that you shall hardly know it again for that in the golden germ over which men were bending thousands of years ago, and singing immortal psalms.

It is the truth and life of the Eternal in human souls, growing larger and sweeter, and slowly throwing off the encumbering husks and shells which were once essential to its life or they had not been there, or it is as when the sackbuts and psalteries must give place to the great organ for revealing the divine melodies, while the master chord has never been lost, but has been steadily pulsing through all the variations, and true to the primal score.

The Church of the living God came to stay, and to grow in this wise from the primal root of this truth and life; and so forms of worship may pass away, and will pass away, but never now the worship of the Father in the spirit and in truth; and forms of prayer,—yes, and many motives for prayer,—but prayer never!

"For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer?"

And our systems of religion may pass away with your church or mine, but never the Church of the living God,—this imperial and majestic mystery we have glanced at. And forever, it may be, there will be those who will say, Ah, well! we have quite outgrown all this you call religion: it is of no use to us any more, and no worth! And, then, it will be of no worth to them, any more than the arctic circle is to grow fine wheat; but forever faith in the living God will dwell in the human soul, forever there will be those who worship him in the spirit and in truth, forever great psalms will be sung when the soul soars on the wings of her gladness in him, the Eternal, the Father, forever the divine Heart will answer the human in true prayer, and forever, as these imagine they have outgrown such worship, there will be a simple and devout human heart growing into it in a nobler and sweeter assurance, and the old black sibyl's cry, "Is *God* dead, then, Douglass?" will bring ringing affirmations of his presence in the Church he planted and will maintain forevermore.

II. This is the grand, primal truth, then, of the Church of the living God; but, when we ask the question, Where shall we find her in this world? and then trace the story of the churches which have made claim to this high dignity and worth or advance it still, we cannot blink the truth that there have been and may be now four eras in the life of such churches which I would define as the eras of Inwardness, Outwardness, Worldliness, and Worthlessness, where, in the first the soul is the supreme factor, in the second the senses, in the third the income, and in the last emptiness. And, in the first her soul is open only to God, in the second to man, in the third to Mammon, and in the last to spiritual paralysis and death. In the first she cares, most of all, for the truth, lives for it, labors for it, gives herself for it, and stands ready to die for it in the arena and on the cross, with the first martyrs and confessors, at the stake in the great Reformation, on the Bay down there with the Pilgrims, or on half a crown a week, a soft board for your bed, when you can find one, and a howling mob hurling things at you, with Wesley and his men.

In the second era, she cares more and more for what we call a good time,—for ministers who will be unto her as a very lovely song of those who have a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument, for fine sermons and a choir to match, for rituals and ceremonials, and for

"Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

She must have the very best now. So she buys the best, and pays for what she buys, or owes for it in the name of the Lord.

The people must be attracted. They will come to the enticement of the eloquent speech and the sound of the viols and the

organ. They can be won through the eye as well as the ear; and so a splendid temple is a means of grace. This is the plea she makes for the drift; but it is not quite true, if I have traced her story to any purpose. She wants all this, first of all, for herself; and, while there may still be an inward life and a noble aim, it is slowly changing to an outward show, and is as the splendor of the pomegranate, which must be cut down to the quick or it will all run to branch and blossom. Still, it is a brave show; while those who stand within these splendors have to search far into the heart before they find the line between the purpose which impels us to do all these things for the love of God and man and the self-love which prompts us to do them that we may be ministered unto rather than to minister. Indeed, I think there is as yet a blended motive, a true concern for those we would help mingled with this I have traced so far. Only we would fain do by these outward things in their measure that which can only be done by the inward truth and life of the first era. In the third era the drift takes a more fatal form. In her best days such a church wants to know only what is true, and give her life for the truth and the life of God; in the second to know what is pleasant; and in the third what will pay. So the first is a life of self-sacrifice, the second is blended with sacrifice for self, and the third is the era of selfishness,—the precursor, I said, of spiritual paralysis and death.

This was the line down to which the ancient Church in Israel had drifted when we touch the time recorded in the chapter read for our lesson just now. She was no longer ready to make a sacrifice even for herself, as she had done when the first temple was built on Zion. And, as that restored under Ezra was not good enough for her priests and rulers, Herod—as rank a heathen as you could find—must build her a new one; and she would repay him in a certain subservience of the soul, as he meant she should when he took the thing in hand. And so the time had come when the house of prayer was made a den of thieves.

She had turned the courts of the Lord's house into a cattle-yard and pigeon-coops and a place for the money-changers, where you could buy beasts and birds for the sacrifice at temple prices, and change the money you had brought from your far-away home for that you must give to the priests; while the merchant would only charge you five per cent. for exchange. And that was little enough when you counted the rent he must pay for his stand. This was the shame which started that fire of white anger in the gentle and pitiful heart of the dear Son of God, the wrath of the Lamb, when he overturned the tables and drove them forth. It was the era, again, the last and worst in the great historic Church of our mother-land,—what time that grim old Harry—the synonyme of Satan, in our folk speech—ordered that harrowing of hell in the monasteries. There is nothing more lovely in her story than the first era in the great monastic system of many names,—the era of the most beautiful and utter self-sacrifice,—and few things more revolting than the selfishness and sloth which lay in the death warrant signed for its destruction, not by the monarch's hand alone, but by the hand of the Most High, when you trace the story in your "Piers Ploughman," in your Chaucer and in Wycliffe and in many a record besides quite apart from the report of the commission sent out by the king.

May I cite for you one illustration again of the drift in our Mother Church of England after the era of the first Reformation? It is from a report of the condition of the great cathedral church in London, near the close of the great and most pregnant century. The grand central aisle was a place for the vendors of ale and beer, and of horses and mules. The chapels were rented for lumber-rooms and workshops. One great vault was a wine cellar: the dust of the dead was turned out to make room for the tuns. There is much more, but I will only note that a part of the cathedral was rented for a playhouse.

In the shires the churches everywhere were falling away to ruin. One man would hold a dozen livings, and hire curates to look after them on laborer's wages; while Dean of Durham hauled the marble mausoleums out of that grand old fane, and turned them into troughs for his cattle.

The drift had set in,—the last and the worst. The old piety, the austerity, and the self-sacrifice only held its own in nooks and corners, where no doubt there was still many a good parson of a town to match the lovely picture drawn by Chaucer long before, and thousands of men and

women with them, thank God! branded as Brownists, or whatever would burn best, who were to be the seed-corn of the new Reformation. But the old days, all too brief, of a strong, salted virtue in my Mother Church, had gone by. The last era had come, and the worst, when paralysis sets in, the precursor of death, while still she had a name to live.

And so is it any wonder that the old monastic system, together with the Church that maintained the system, should become intolerable to England and to Englishmen, and must be rooted out, or old England had seen her best days, and must fall back from the line of the splendid life she had begun to reveal, and sit down content in the mire of sloth and superstition, shall we say, with Spain to-day? or any wonder, to those who believe in the Church of the living God in this world, that, when the reformed Church had taken that downward drift, He should have said in his heavens, I will raise up a new manhood, which will return to the heart of purity, austerity and self-sacrifice for me and mine? and that, in his eternal Providence, He should have raised up your forefathers and mine,—the Puritan,—for his purpose, who had the soul of the first era in them, and would as yet have none of that by their own good will which comes in the second, and starts the drift downward? No easy-going doctrine you can twist and turn to the temper of your hearing, no short homily of twenty minutes with a leaning to the side of mercy and musical as Memnon at sunrise, no harps or viols, trumpets or shawms, no splendid temples,—nay, and no assurance that here one and there one, in the sacred number, would not drop quick into hell when he was through with earth and time, and, if it must be so, then no talking back, blinding lights of glory and vast, black shadows of doom sweeping across their souls, as they swept across the soul of Cromwell, perhaps the noblest of them all!

Or was it any wonder, again, that, when this new world was waiting to be sown with the fine, sifted seed, this manhood and womanhood should be selected for the sowing which had found its way to the primal conditions,—purity, sincerity, and self-sacrifice,—and be the first of our blood and nurture that came here to stay?

These lovers of all cleanness in word and deed, who counted life dirt-cheap in His service in whose name they came, and bearing His benediction, who said, There is yet more truth to be revealed from the word of God,—they came,

"Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

They may not have been pleasant men, or given to much laughter; and they had a great deal to learn, as we have, too. But they were men, with women to match them, who held in their heart and life these primal conditions of a church of the living God; and they did not ask, What is most pleasant? let alone, What will pay? but, What is God's truth, and what would He have us do, that we may make our calling and election sure? Virginia was the place to strike for, if you would live at loose ends, and have a royal time when the mists began to rise. So these clung to the rock and the Bay,—these Puritan pilgrims; while the Cavalier went up the James, after his kind. And all the years have but made the question clear of what the Sybarite can do, by contrast, with the saint; for I affirm that these revelations touch the soul of things as well as the things of the soul.

III. And now, brethren and dear friends of the many years, may I not say that this glance toward the light and the shadow, the living heart and that which turns to dust, are not to be numbered among the things or churches or the systems that have their day and cease to be, but must be counted among the tests we can use to a sure purpose, drawn from the former time, when we ask the question, Where shall we find the Church of the living God to-day, and what proof can they give to the title who claim the grand distinction? I care nothing for the name or denomination, apart from the good and true you can find in all the churches, and in every age. Nor must you imagine that I would question, for an instant, the worth in their degree of noble temples, impressive symbols and ordinances, melodies to match all the great numbers born of the fire from heaven, or a silver-tongued eloquence that will win the heart to listen to God's holy truth. If these things can be one with the truth and the life the Church of the living God stands for, or can even be made tributary to this truth and life, instead of touching the senses only of our liking, and so slowly turning us from the inward spirit to the

outward seeming; if they can be made good servants of this truth instead of bad masters,—I know of nothing but good we can say of such things, except that they are only *things*, after all, and cannot be counted in the sum of what is most vital and essential in the Church I would find.

It is the drift we have to mind, from the soul to the senses, from the inward to the outward, and from our joy in God to mere enjoyment in ourselves, which shirks all hardness, and loves all pleasantness, that we have to fear, if we would be worthy the holy name. When a church wants all these things for herself, and is ready to ring in or rope in any number of old Herods to help pay the bills, who may pour out their money like water, because it is a good investment, in Wall Street and on Murray Hill, in Beacon Street,—and you will supply the other name, here in Boston, —but are Herods all the same, and mean to be, then look out for the fatal drift. Worldliness has come, and worthlessness is ringing the electric bell. And when we say we can only have a church in these times on those terms, then the Spirit, walking forever among the churches, says: You cannot have a Church of the living God at all. You can have a phantom, a delusion, a snare, a clash of petty interests and heart-burnings and fightings; and then you can die, and make way for the nobler growth. But a church of the living God you cannot have on these terms, though you hold the most splendid record a church ever made.

And I am sure you will believe me when I say I am not girding at any church you can name,—especially, in this word about the downward drift; for we can all take the drift, if we do not take care. We can all begin with the soul, and drift down toward the senses; or we can hold the primal truth and life strong and sure, lifting the banner high above the mire of worldliness and what the wise woman of our age called "other-worldliness," and so stand free from the drift.

And we can be sure of this, also: that, no matter what this church or that may do, the Eternal not ourselves will see to his own; while, if we fail in the primal purpose, his Church will stand secure. For this Church was not reared by human might, and human might can never ding it down; for within and beyond all our shortcomings is this white fire of the Eternal, where all beside is mere kindling. Once born, his Church can never die. It is safe and sure as the springing of the green grass this May-time; and this world will no more move on to her grand destiny, bare of the imperial majesty, than men will live without salt and fire on the line to which we have risen. The Church of the living God is immutable as the heavens; and the fear men voice that *she* will take the drift which, when it is finished, bringeth forth death, seems to me to be half unfaith and half fooling with fire,—the white fire of the Eternal, which burns forever to the same divine purpose. The egotism of the thing is supreme in those who hope it may be so, and shameful in those who fear. Blot out this faith in the Eternal not ourselves,—this ever-springing life of God in the soul of man,—slake out this sacred fire that burns from him and for him: you can bring back the glacier age more easily. And then, as my faith stands, it would not be done; for the Church of the living God would

"Break through the barriers of eternal ice
A vista to the gates of paradise,
And light, within the shadows of the pole,
The tenfold darkness of the human soul!"

And now may I say that any church, no matter what the name, which opens its heart to the whole truth and the life I have tried to touch, holds the secret of continuance as a church of the living God, the truth and the life which must always bloom forth and ripen from the threefold root of a deep spiritual fervor, a strong and pure moral attainment, and a noble self-sacrifice, which will seek to pour forth perpetual blessing, as did the Lord's Christ. Moreover, there is no time to make more than mere mention of the truth that a church may flame up now and then into a wondrous spiritual fervor, while her grip on moral principles shall be very much like a church of which a friend wrote me that, when they had a revival, the merchants of the town would turn to their ledgers to see how some of the prominent members stood. There may be churches, again, whose moral standards are above all question, but, if they were dead, they could hardly be more heedless touching the fervent and far-reaching inward life; and churches that may be fervent of heart after their fashion, and maintain the high standard in the conduct of their life, but fail in the crowning

virtue of self-sacrifice rooted in love for God and man.

But find me the church which nourishes these primal conditions in her heart of hearts, and makes them good in her life, free from the fatal drift, then that church may be yours and mine, or some other standing at the other pole from yours and mine; and there you will find me a Church of the living God. And this was the heart, —the old, Puritan heart,—at its best, from which we hail. It is true they had their faults, but they held these first conditions of the Church of the living God; and true that their conceptions of his truth were very much as if you should narrow down the sunlight to an auger-hole over against a darkened room, while you stand in the strong, white splint, and say, This is all we can have; but this is ours, and the world abideth in darkness. But they could not be cast out, as they could not stay where Calvin had put them; and the door was smitten with dryness, and the roof was lifted, and the light came in, full and fair. And we, their children, sit in the light. Yet, dear friends, unless we have a faith as deep as it is broad, and stand free from the drift, holding well to the primal conditions, we can never attain even to their worth in the Church of the living God.

But this we can do, by his help and blessing, and our own continuance in well-doing, not dissatisfied, but unsatisfied, and, like those of whom Plutarch tells, never quite content with the good but striving still after a better and a best.

We can clasp the perpetual revelation of His truth to our hearts, come from where it may,—through His prophets and seers,— and no fear can hold us. If we are true to our trust, then we shall answer to the grand old Scotchman's word,—

> "There are who live as near to God
> As my right arm is near to me;
> And thus they walk about,
> Mailed in full proof,
> And bear a charm that mocks at fear,
> And bars the door on doubt."

Try to keep clear of prejudice, and be willing to alter any opinion you may hold when further light breaks upon your mind. He is clever beyond precedent, or weak beyond measure, who never sees reasons to change his judgment of men and things. *William Unsworth.*

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Report of the Board of Directors by the Secretary, Geo. Batchelor.

To the Members of the American Unitarian Association:—

During the past year your directors have, under somewhat embarrassing conditions, given constant and careful attention to the tasks which you have assigned to them. In making our report, we call your attention, first of all, to the business aspects of our work and the manner in which we have dealt with them.

Our first difficulty has been the necessity of not spending money which we did not have. This necessity, taken by itself, would have given us no anxiety, had it not been for obligations already incurred and the high-pitched expectations of our constituency. The rate of expenditure had been fixed for us at a time when throughout the country money was easily made and generously spent, and when, also, annual drafts were made upon funds of the Association which are no longer available. While some of you have encouraged us in our reduction of expenditure, and a few have urged us to still more severe economies, the majority of our constituents in all parts of the country have brought constant pressure upon us to spend money without regard to our annual resources, because so much work lies in sight, undone, and because so many promising enterprises have been crushed or crippled by the commercial disasters of the last four years. The work is great, and the motives are inspiring; but the free action so exhilarating to a cheerful worker has been impossible. It has been difficult to keep the sober pace required by necessity to save the old beginnings, without losing the new possibilities, to look backward enough for safety and forward enough for inspiration.

In our American fashion, we speak somewhat lightly of the "playing out of booms" and the "bursting of financial bubbles." Now booms are only enthusiastic expectations lived up to, and bubbles are as light as air. But, when financial bubbles burst, they destroy as if they were charged with dynamite; and the "tail-end of a boom" often leaves a trail as desolate as the track of a tornado. The whole country has passed through a period of financial tribulation. Every interest has suffered; and our work has been made more difficult by the double necessity imposed upon us of reducing our expenditure and increasing our helpfulness at the same time.

The bequests made to the Association during the year have been as follows: from Mrs. Eliza S. Nevins, Boston, Mass., $2,500; from Winthrop Faulkner, Grafton, Mass., $1,815.43; from Miss Jeanie Pomeroy, Stockbridge, Mass., $1,000; from Mrs.

Sarah Stout, Plainfield, N.J., $1,000; from Nathan M. Wright, Lowell, Mass., $1,000; from Mrs. Maria Cutler, Boston, Mass., $511.53; from Miss Caroline Wood, Boston, Mass., $250.

The differences between annual expenditure and annual income, brought forward in our accounts from previous years, have now been provided for by the Finance Committee, so that to-day the only obligation of every kind for the past is $1,780.

The estimated expenditure of all kinds for the coming year is inside of $67,000, which is less than the income of last year. Your directors, through their various committees and as a whole, have agreed to a limit of expenditure in each department corresponding to this fixed sum. They have also agreed that in no case shall the limit be exceeded, unless later in the year there shall be a marked increase in the income to warrant it. We have assisted some ancient churches that had been weakened by no fault of their own. We have helped newer enterprises on the way to self-support. We have encouraged a few movements which were too hopeful to be suppressed. And now the demand comes from every department for increased activity. We are ready to go forward just so fast and so far as our constituents desire, and will justify by their contributions.

We hear frequently the complaint that the Association is too much a Northern institution or an Eastern institution. We answer that we are doing our best to change the centre of gravity. We should be very glad to see it transferred to New York, and still more glad when the majority of our churches shall be west of Chicago.

The Southern Conference complains of the lack of representation on our board of directors. The complaint is just, and next year there should be a readjustment. In the West the clouds have rolled away; and throughout the country we can report a unanimity of thought and feeling concerning the purposes for which we work and the means which it is desirable to use which is altogether unprecedented in our history.

New houses of worship have during the past year been built and dedicated at San Diego, Cal., at a cost of $3,000, with a debt to the Loan Fund of $2,500; at Santa Ana, Cal., at a cost of $3,000, without debt; at Ontario, Cal., at a cost of $3,500, with a debt to the Loan Fund of $1,500; at Redlands, Cal. (refitted from an old one), at a cost of $2,150; at Waverley, Mass., at a cost of $5,800, with a debt to the Loan Fund of $2,000; at Passaic, N.J., at a cost of $8,312, with a debt to the Loan Fund of $4,000; at Hudson, Wis., at a cost of $3,550, with a debt to the Loan Fund of $800. In all these cases you will observe that the annual instalment due the Loan Fund, without interest, will not exceed the rent of a hall.

Ten of the beginnings, which we have accounted to be, for the present, hopeless, were last January dropped from our list of churches. Fourteen, which seemed to have breathed into them the breath of life, we have added. The new names are Brookline, Mass. (Second Unitarian Society), Gouverneur, N.Y., Hanska, Minn., Ida Grove, Ia., Lemoore, Cal., Manchester, Mass. (summer), Newton Highlands, Mass., New Ulm, Minn., Ridgewood, N.J., Rockville, Conn., St. Anthony Park, Minn., Union Springs, N.Y., Visalia, Cal., and Westerly, R.I.

We have Unitarian book-rooms and headquarters at San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The Boston headquarters are maintained by the income of invested funds. $250 (one-fourth the cost) is given to the headquarters in San Francisco; and $300 has been put at the disposal of the secretary, to be used, if necessary, in co-operation with the Western Conference, to establish a book-room in Chicago.

The Church Building Loan Fund continues its good work. Mistakes have been made, hopes have been excited which could not be realized, churches have sometimes been tempted to undertake more than they could perform, and distress has sometimes followed the incurring of too great obligations. But now, taught by experience, the trustees are more careful to reduce the expectations of borrowers to the limit of their probable ability to repay. Used in this way, the fund is an undoubted blessing. There are several of the older churches which are heavily burdened with debt, and which would gladly avail themselves of the aid of the Loan Fund. By the rules under which the trustees act, all loans are limited to $5,000. The fund was given for church-building purposes, and cannot be used for other objects without a total change in the rules under which the trustees act. If the advantage of a large loan, without interest, were given to one church, it should be given to all churches with similar burdens. The fund is not large enough to make this possible. It is mostly invested in church buildings throughout the United States.

Within ten miles from the State House in Boston we have now fifty-nine churches. During the past ten years we have added but four to the number. In the next ten years that number should be increased by forty. This increase would furnish to our own people, who are constantly moving away from the centres of business, accommodations which are necessary. Not only would our migrating Unitarian population be furnished with the spiritual privileges to which they have been accustomed, but—what is of vastly more importance—their children would be protected from the energetic propagandism of other churches or saved from the indifference and spiritual

apathy which often come with social isolation and religious disfranchisement. The potent argument against Unitarianism met by your officers in all parts of the country is that favorite assertion made by revivalists and others that "Unitarianism is dying in Boston." Nothing would give such an impulse to our missionary work throughout the country as a warning uttered by the same men to the effect that "Unitarianism is growing in Boston." That which is true of Boston is true, also, of other great cities.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Our relations with the Unitarian churches of Hungary are very cordial. All Americans who visit these churches return with an enthusiastic admiration for our brave and devoted brethren who, under the Catholic government of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, still maintain their liberties, and, vastly out of proportion to their scanty numbers, furnish the leaders in all movements of political and social progress. Acting with the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, we have appropriated $300 to the church in Budapest. Our mission in Japan continues. Rev. Clay MacCauley, our representative there, last Friday met your directors; and, after a full consideration of the matter, they voted to authorize the Committee on Foreign Missions to appropriate $2,250 additional for the current fiscal year. This continues the appropriation, at the rate of $4,500, to the 1st of May, 1898. Rev. Clay MacCauley, the superintendent of the mission, will this afternoon present its claims, and show the kind of work it has been doing in Japan.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The *Christian Register* has been partially endowed, and plans are making to improve its quality and enlarge its circulation. The *Pacific Unitarian*, the *Old and New*, and the *Unitarian*, with several minor periodicals, are doing effective work. The *New World*, a magazine established by aid of our Association, but unsectarian in its administration, fitly represents our highest thought. It is exceedingly desirable that our periodical literature shall have ample support. Necessarily, because we are few in number, the great world pays little attention to what we say; but our own people are amply able to give these journals generous support, and greatly assist thereby in all the work we do.

THE MINISTRY.

The permanence of the Unitarian Church, its enlargement, and the increase of its influence, depend, first of all, upon the number and quality of the men and women admitted to its ministry. We have three principal sources of supply,—the Divinity Schools at Cambridge and Meadville, and the ministry of other churches introduced by the Fellowship Committee. A careful investigation has been made by your officers to learn what number is furnished to our ministry by each of these agencies. The figures report themselves after this fashion: The total number of ministers in the Year Book is 529. Of these, on January 1, 378 were settled, and 151 were not settled. Of the unsettled ministers, 66 had retired from active life, 65 were engaged in various occupations,—as professors, teachers, lawyers, and in business of various kinds,—leaving 20 who were still candidates.

Of these 529 ministers, 133 were from Meadville, and 33 of them were unsettled; 157 were from Cambridge, and 53 of them were unsettled; 239 came from other sources of supply, and of them 65 were unsettled. In this case "the other sources of supply" includes all those who took partial courses at Cambridge and Meadville, and became candidates without graduation.

During the last ten years the Fellowship Committee appointed by the National Conference has been authorized to examine the credentials of ministers who come to us from "the other sources of supply." During these ten years we find that about 282 men and women—an average of about 28 a year—have been candidates for Unitarian pulpits. Of this number, 102 have never been settled. Their names, therefore, do not appear in the Year Book.

Classifying these 282 candidates, we find that 110 have come through the Fellowship Committee, 88 from Meadville, and 84 from Cambridge. Of the 110 received through the Fellowship Committee during the last ten years, 47 are now settled in Unitarian parishes, 14 who have been settled are now candidates, 49 have never been settled. Of the 88 coming from Meadville in ten years, 41 are now settled, 13 who have been settled are now candidates, and 33 were never settled or have fallen out of our ministry. Of the 84 received from Cambridge in ten years, 61 are now settled, 3 who have been settled are now candidates, and 20 have never been settled or have fallen out of our ministry. Of the 88 from Meadville, 65 were graduated and 23 became candidates without graduation. Of the 84 from Cambridge, 33 were graduated, 25 were resident graduates, of whom 14 had already graduated at Meadville, 13 were special students, and 13 were regular students, not graduated.

To recapitulate, we have 378 settled ministers, of whom Cambridge furnished 104, Meadville 100, the Fellowship Committee and other agencies 174. We have had in ten years 282 new candidates for settlement in our churches, of whom 102 have not been settled.

To get a bird's-eye view of our ministry

and the sources upon which we depend, a convenient locality to be studied is bounded by the ten-mile limit from the State House in Boston. In this district there are 59 Unitarian churches. Of the ministers of these churches, 15 graduated at Meadville, 16 at Cambridge, 5 came by recommendation of the Fellowship Committee, and 23 from other sources. Of these 23, some, no doubt, took partial courses at Cambridge and Meadville, and some came from other denominations before the Fellowship Committee was organized; 3 of them were graduates of Harvard College. Of the 16 graduated from Cambridge Divinity School, 5 were also graduates of Harvard College.

These figures seem to indicate an astonishing amount of misdirected effort and unrecorded misery which ought to be preventable. Some of these one hundred new candidates—to say nothing of candidates already admitted to the ministry—might be employed with profit to all concerned, if we had the means to sustain them in missionary work. But, aside from this, there is evidently a difference between the standards of the parishes and the standards of the candidates. Who are right, the candidates or the parishes? This is a subject for the careful consideration of the faculties of our divinity schools, the Fellowship Committee, and the parishes. Your directors do not feel called upon to answer these questions, but they lead up to other questions which involve our most vital interests.

We know that many intelligent persons regard the Church with indifference. We know that many Unitarian parents would not advise their children to become ministers. But we are also certain that the decline of the Church and the extinction of the ministry would be the sign, if not the cause, of moral calamities which no patriot would willingly contemplate. Let us admit the most serious charges that can be made against modern society and the Church. Let us admit that irreligion is prevalent. Let us admit that in many congregations the ideals are worldly, selfish, and trivial. Let us admit that what is called success in the ministry is often more showy than substantial. Let us admit that the parishes often encourage mere glibness of speech and tricks of rhetoric, that they often neglect men who are wise and good, and honor those who are shallow and selfish. What, then?

Taking the most pessimistic view possible, we still have to say that men and women are called to the ministry in order to raise the standard of modern society and the Church. It is their business to disclose the loftier ideal, and to make the Church worthy of its high calling. We have need of preachers of the living word and shepherds of the people who recognize the obstacles which lie before them, and are able to surmount them,—men with a message which has carrying power. The message makes the man. Let our parishes recognize this fact. Let them set a high ideal above all worldly considerations, and it will not be long before religion will press into its service both the genius of the unlearned saint and the trained ability of the scholar. Let the word go out to our Unitarian families in which are youth for a high career. Let it be proclaimed in our colleges and universities that we have five hundred religious societies organized for the common good, with a lofty and unselfish ideal; and then, as flowers follow the sun, so will magnanimous souls be drawn into the ministry of religion. Any group of five hundred religious societies, so working, will hold the keys of the future. Reduced to its simplest terms, the task of the American Unitarian Association is to get enough of the right kind of ministers into the right kind of churches, organized in the right way for service.

Our financial condition is better than that of any other missionary society in the country of which we have knowledge. The only obstacles which are formidable lie within our own minds, and not in the difficulties before us. We have light, liberty, and opportunity. If, in proportion to these, we have intelligence to use our opportunity, religious enthusiasm to match our liberty, and religion enough to make our light shine, our spiritual fortunes will be secure. If we deserve to succeed, we shall succeed. If we are faithful to the noble traditions which have made our leaders illustrious, and to the principles which we profess, we shall deserve and receive the recognition, the fellowship, and cooperation of those who are doing God's service by serving their fellow-men.

THE ANNIVERSARIES AND SOME SURPRISES.

The first surprise of arriving delegates who came to Boston to attend the many meetings of Anniversary Week beginning May 24 was the extraordinarily extended view from the steps of our denominational capitol on Beacon Street hill. Is this the new outlook of Unitarianism? It is; and we owe it to our orthodox Congregational brethren, who have torn down and utterly demolished the solid business blocks which formerly closed our view at short range across the street. Before long, however, we shall have to give up this panorama of Tremont Street and all its moving humanity, when another surprise will be prepared for our next anniversary delegates,—nothing less than the smiling countenances

of our ministerial brethren beaming across the street from the new denominational house they propose to erect, facing ours. If a subway is considered too dangerous, it is to be hoped some sort of suspension bridge, perhaps the stringing up of the old iron creeds across the way, may connect the two buildings.

Turning from this prospect, the arriving delegate must have been surprised to notice the brightened aspect of our own headquarters; and, wondering upon its cause, he could not fail to discover the lavish gold-leaf announcements,

"UNITARIAN BOOKS."

Thousands of strangers and visitors pass up and down Beacon Street daily; and the fact that we, like Miss Edgeworth, are prepared to say, "I am now ready to produce my books and to abide by them in any court," will doubtless have its effect.

It is probable that late arrivals were consoled to find the saints forlorn, for the usual King's Chapel service opening the week at about the breakfast hour was this year omitted. That was a surprise to some, others did not know about it at all, few seemed conscious of the change. It was carefully planned, however; and the next morning the great white angel of our church, whose glorious voice has lost nothing of its dear familiar brogue, conducted the service, and the hour made nine o'clock, and certain doorkeepers of the faith set to count the heads of all ministers present. But the result? Alas, it was hardly to be reckoned among the surprises!

However, as Dr. C. C. Everett at the Berry Street Conference succeeded in demonstrating, if we lack in devotion there are still many "reasons" in our religion, and crowds of applauding brethren sought to enforce all the arguments given so skilfully by Rev. J. H. Crooker in the first paper of the week, at Channing Hall on Monday morning, which left atheism, like Wolsey, "naked to his enemies." Among the surprises of Monday afternoon may be cited Mr. Chadwick's suggestion of putting the old creeds to Pegasian service by mounting their scaly backs and circling, Dante-like, the depths of hell. Mr. Chadwick's splendid paper on the real unity of ideals was no surprise, nor was Dr. Hale's declaration that even the Unitarian ministry has room for more intelligence, although his statement was received with ironic applause.

The greatest surprise of the week doubtless centred in the extraordinary financial statement of the American Unitarian Association, set forth very forcibly in the secretary's report printed on another page of this journal, and of course embodied in the treasurer's statement. It seems that for the first time within most memories expenditure does not exceed income, that, while every other missionary body in the country has been sinking most heavily into debt through the depressing financial times, the Unitarian Association has been able to meet its liabilities and pay its way. This is a pleasant surprise. It should be borne in mind, however, that it has only been accomplished by severe restriction of often greatly needed missionary expenditure. What is certainly true, and would constitute a splendid surprise for next year, is that, if $50,000 was added to the year's available resources, by all churches doubling their subscriptions, the American Unitarian Association could most profitably spend every dollar of it.

It is well to record the names of the following officers who were elected at the annual meeting on Tuesday morning, May 25:—

For president, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Washington.

For vice-presidents, Hon. Joseph W. Symonds, LL.D., Portland, Me.; Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper, Boston; Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, New York; Hon. Thomas J. Morris, Baltimore, Md.; Hon. Daniel L. Shorey, Chicago; Hon. Horace Davis, San Francisco.

For secretary, Rev. George Batchelor, Cambridge.

For assistant secretary, George W. Fox, Boston.

For treasurer, George W. Stone, Boston.

For directors to serve till May, 1900, Rev. Howard N. Brown, Boston; Archibald M. Howe, Cambridge; Rev. Austin S. Garver, Worcester; Rev. Samuel Eliot, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Mary Louise Catlin, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Francis Cutting, San Francisco.

At the afternoon meeting of the same day Rev. Clay MacCauley of Tokio, Japan, presented his annual report as representative of

the work of the Association in Japan. He said the Unitarian body was more widely known in Japan than any other foreign religious body, and the name "Unitarian" had become incorporated into the Japanese language as meaning reason in religion.

A resolution offered by Rev. Charles G. Ames, asking for the continuation of the appropriation for the Japanese Mission, and for its extension when found practicable, was unanimously adopted.

Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge spoke on the home missions of Unitarianism, and this was one of the best surprises we experienced. Mr. Crothers is a ceaseless surprise in everything he does. One who has attended many conference gatherings knows pretty well how pulverized and dry a matter most speakers make of home missionary labors; but with Mr. Crothers's witty words the dry substance took wings of joy, and we all are going with more enthusiasm to establish the free American Unitarian religion.

The evening gathering in Tremont Temple was a crowded one, many of those present being compelled to stand. Rev. Edward Everett Hale presided, and the sermon preached was by Rev. Robert Collyer of New York. Mr. B. J. Lang, organist, and singers from the choir of King's Chapel assisted in the preliminary musical service.

Dr. Hale read a lesson from Scripture, and then offered an impressive prayer.

Mr. Collyer preached from the words of Paul,—"The church of the living God." He described what he said were the four eras through which the life of the great churches had progressed in the past,—the eras of inwardness, outwardness, worldliness, and worthlessness.

He showed that in the first the supreme motive was the soul; in the second, it was the senses; in the third, the income; and, in the fourth, emptiness, with paralysis and death.

What was needed was for the church to hold its banners high above the mire of this world, and to cling fast to the primal truths. Many enthusiastic meetings are now going on. Our last and continuing surprise is at the splendid resources within the numerically small ranks of our body able to furnish such high intellectual and spiritual nourishment.

WHAT TO BELIEVE: AN ETHICAL CREED.

BY W. L. SHELDON, LECTURER OF THE ETHICAL SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS.

THINK—

Think that life is worth living, no matter how hard it is to live.

Think that life is worth having, although it may not come up to just *your* expectations.

Think that it is worth while to be doing something, even if there is not much you can do. You can always be doing something for somebody else, even if there is nothing which you can do for yourself.

Think that your life is in danger, and that it rests with *you* to save it. If you do not take care, you will miss the purpose of life, and make a failure of it.

Think that your home is in danger. Be on the lookout. Every act of yours helps to mar it or beautify it. The character of your home depends upon *you*.

Think that your city is in danger, and that it rests with *you* to save it from all the demoralizing tendencies which threaten it.

Think that your country is in danger, that it may perish for want of true citizens. Be a citizen *yourself*, with all that the word implies; and then your country will be safe.

Think that the whole human race is in danger, and that what *you* do and make of yourself will help to save it. You are responsible for the Brotherhood of Man to which you belong.

Think that, if you do not make the fight for the *Good*, nobody else will. If you do not save your country, your home, your own life, nobody else can.

Think that nature is trying to drag you down, that the forces of evil are against you, and that you must conquer nature. *You can if you will.*

Think that, if you want to have a soul, you must *earn* it. You cannot have it for the asking.

Think that, if you want to keep what soul you've got, you must fight for it. Be on your guard, or the best self within yourself will be lost before you know it.

Think that life from the beginning to the end is a struggle, a *glorious* struggle. The effort to win the conflict and show

yourself a man is what gives life its purpose. Remember the saying of Darwin: *After all, a man can do his duty.*

BELIEVE—

Believe that it is all going to come out right, even when it *seems* to be coming out all wrong.

Believe that the strongest thing in the universe is the Strong Will.

Believe that the will is only strong when on the right side.

Believe that the strongest will is the will that first knows how to give in and obey.

Believe that you can make your life all over again, and that it is worth your while to try it.

Believe that the grandest thing in the universe is doing what you do not want to do—*just because it is right.*

Believe that the next grandest thing in the universe is *not* doing what you want to do, because what you want to do would be wrong.

Believe that the strongest man in the world is the man who can keep his good resolutions.

Believe that it is worth while working for a Cause, the success of which will not be realized while you are alive.

Believe that there is *something else, somehow, somewhere,* fighting for you when you take the right side.

Believe that there is something else, somehow, somewhere, fighting *against* you when you take the wrong side—not once, but *always.*

Believe in war,—not war against men, but against a bad *thing.*

Believe that other people have troubles as well as you, and that usually their troubles are a good deal heavier than yours.

Believe that when things are going against you is the time to apply in your conduct and feelings the principles you may have been preaching to others.

Believe in yourself,—that there is something sacred in your being, a higher self, and that you *can* live up to the level of that higher self if you make the effort.

Believe in justice,—that it *must* conquer, and that its triumph is of more importance than that just *you* should be prosperous and happy.

Believe in law,—that there is something sacred about it, whether it be the law of Conscience or the law of the State.

Believe in your fellow-man,—that there is a man within the man which you are to respect even when you cannot respect the outer man.

Believe in mankind,—in the value of those universal experiences recorded in the institution of *law* and *government.*

Believe that the law and government can always be improved, and that the book of human experience has not yet been closed.

Believe in your beliefs,—believe in them with all your might,—but believe in the honesty of other men who may not agree with your beliefs.

Believe that your beliefs will conquer, whatever happens, because truth somehow *must* conquer.

Believe that your beliefs will *never* conquer, no matter what happens, unless *you* stand up for them.

Believe in the value of other men's experience, and thereby save half your life from being a failure by endeavoring to show that you know more than everybody else.

REMEMBER—

Remember that happiness, when it comes at all, usually comes to those who do not go in search of it.

Remember that in the struggle of life it is always possible to turn one kind of defeat into another kind of victory. Try it, and see!

Remember that, if you cannot realize the ends of your being in one way, you can in another. Realize *something.* You will have to render an account *somehow.*

Remember that there is nothing noble in being superior to *some other man.* The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.

Remember that you show what you *are* by the way you talk about people.

Remember that, as you grow older, nature's tendencies are laying their grip upon you. Nature may be on your side when you are young, but against you later on.

Remember that you can get the better of *tendencies* if you fight hard enough, although you can never get the better of nature's *laws.*

Remember not to talk too much about yourself.

Remember that having fine sentiments is a poor substitute for *being a man*. Thoughts are gifts; but your life and your acts speak for *you*.

Remember to judge people by what they do, not by their sentiments,—especially yourself.

Remember that you may have your best friends among those who disagree with you. Men can disagree with their heads, and agree in their hearts.

Remember that the easiest person in the world to deceive is yourself. You can make yourself believe almost anything about yourself if you try it.

Remember that the self of the selves is never deceived. It keeps a record of what you are, and it puts down everything. An act can never be undone. It has to stay.

Remember that the true way to conquer prejudice is to live it down. Do not talk about it with others: do not talk about it to yourself.

Remember that resentment against prejudice can injure the soul almost as much as cherishing a prejudice.

Remember that prejudice hurts the one who cherishes it much more than the one against whom it is aimed.

Remember that to give up the struggle when it is in part over, because you cannot get the chance you want, may show that you deserved no chance at all. Take what chance you can get, and *fight it through*.

Remember that to keep chafing because fortune favors others more than you is the way to get even less out of fortune. *Be a man*.

Remember that great yearnings and noble ambitions usually die away just about the time they are most wanted. Act on them *now*.

THE WAY.

"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk."—Ps. cxliii. 8.

I am the seed, Thou art the sun;
Without Thee I can never grow;
With Thee my blossom's deed is done,
And all Thy beauties in it show.

As one we are as eye and light
Which make the happy vision be;
Thou art the perfect pure delight,
And I its earthly melody.

I am the wave, and Thou its sea,
And wave and sea are one;
Thou art a purpose true in me,
And I the deed which thou hast done.

I am the meadow where Thy thought
In flocks of quiet sheep increase;
I am a word Thy heart hath wrought
To say its mercy, grace, and peace.

I am the bird, Thou art the air;
Without Thee I but fall and die!
With Thee my life is full and fair;
I sing Thee as with joy I fly.

How beat our hearts in one full tune
Of life whose bliss can never die;
Thy universe one blossoming June
Where joys eternal nest and fly.

I am the babe, the mother Thou;
Without Thee I can never be;
Thy tenderest face bends o'er me now;
I live and move and love in Thee!

I give Thy true heart love for love,
My soul Thy soul's glad answering;
Thy heart within my breast a dove,
My voice its peace outgentling.

Many are life's ways that invite my feet. Voices are charming to a multitude of paths. I am confused to know the way of truth, the voice of righteousness. Do Thou make the way of life plain to me! In the midst of sin's babble make thou the voice of righteousness sing clear above the din!

Thy will concerning me is a perfect will. It is a will that lives and moves and has its being in love. Love is the beating of its heart, and wisdom is the shining of its face. The right hand of its power is righteousness and truth. Oh that I might know its beautiful ways amidst the swamps and dark places of the earth! Oh that my feet might rejoice in the midst of its beauty, my heart sing in its high and holy joys! Oh that its perfect fulfilment might be in me, I the creation of thy heart full-blossomed, full-fruited, and showing forth to men thy hidden glorious beauty!

I fear me perverse, and tremble lest, if thou show me the way thou willest I walk, my own way may yet fascinate, my own will charm me with its sinful pipings. And so I beseech that thou wilt create me anew within. Make the secret places of my soul thy habitation. Make me to love truth and righteousness with a deep and abiding passion. Above all desires make me to

hunger and thirst after the beautiful life thou willest more than the imprisoned bird for the free air of its native hills, than the thirsty beast for thy delighting streams, than the crying child for its mother's bosom.

Be thou my light within and shining about, that I may see wherein to set my feet and walk the ways of thy triumphing holiness. In the midst of my years make me to desire with a whole heart to walk in thy path of the just that shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and may my desire move my feet to keep faithful and true.

Lead out this life of mine into a service thou desirest to give unto my fellows that walk with me the ways of temptation, the ways of sorrowing and sin. Hearts are in need of thy blessing. Send me the bearer of thy gracious word. Lives need a divine shining through a human face. Be mine the face thou kindlest with thy kindness. Thy lost ones need the music of thy gracious saving voice. May I be thy song of power, uttering the truth and tenderness of thy love; in my heart be thy heart, and all the ways of my life perfecting to show it!

If the balm of thy grace hiding in me cannot get to wounded hearts but in the bruising of my own, I trust thou wilt make me willing to be bruised for their healing. I would have my life large in thee, not little in myself. I would be a ministering life as thou art. Of thy great joy in service make me a partaker. And as, thus serving, I am in the ways of thy will's fulfilment, we shall rejoice together and be at one, like the vine and its blossoming ripening grape, like the sea and its happy wave, like the air and its singing bird, like the light and its visioning eye, like the mother and her child dearer unto her than her own life can be. Thou art the beating heart of this bird of life: I am its light-lifting wing, its free and happy song,—our flight the human wind's so great enchantment. PASTOR QUIET.

It is daily life that tests us,—the manner of men we are. It is not our prayers, it is not our profession; but it is the tone of daily intercourse and conduct that decides how we stand.—*John F. W. Ware.*

EDITORIAL.

Anniversaries. THE meetings of May Anniversary Week are going on in Boston as we go to press. There is a large attendance. The weather is blue, gray, black, and finally golden,—typical and expected clouds that must be warned away first by ample preparation and then by fearless facing. The sun is undisturbed beyond, and finally prevails.

We recommend careful perusal of Secretary Batchelor's report printed in this number. It is thorough, mincing nothing, suggestive, and altogether good to use as a tonic for the general health of our church body.

We give also in another place a brief survey article which indicates the progress of the week up to the time of going to press.

Religious Loafing. IT is said that freedom from fear has already begun to destroy the power of religion, and that, as compulsion is withdrawn, the churches are emptied. If this is to any extent true,—and it probably is,—it is only because the new enthusiasm of joy has not yet replaced the old motive with a greater power. When reverence is spontaneous gratitude, when worship is genuine praise, when no one any longer feels forced to be religious, but, rather, finds as much temptation to enjoy the radiance of religion as the summer sunshine, why, then, people will seek worship as the crowning privilege of joyous life. Religion has been like a boy at school, plodding along under restraint through a certain compulsory course. When he graduates, there is likely to be a time of loafing. He is free. Usually, he hates the sight of books, he wants no more learning, he knows it all. Then perchance something arouses the higher impulse, his interest is roused, he feels the divine attraction; and then he cannot find hours enough in the twenty-four for the delight of study.

So with those who have been freed from the old compulsion of religion. There may be a time of loafing; but, by and by, they are going to experience the power of attraction. Then they will long to know more of the truths of God's most lovely ways, more material interests will lose their hold,

the kingdom of heaven will more and more perfectly appear, creed and argument will no longer be the nourishment of religion, but joyous faith, happy song, and heart-pouring prayer. Religious loafing will disappear, churches will be refilled.

Methodist Heresy. AT a recent meeting of ministers at the Methodist headquarters, Boston, Mass., Prof. O. A. Curtis of Drew Seminary read a paper intended to combat the views of Rev. Lyman Abbott, that the Bible sometimes errs. Dr. Curtis skilfully and clearly maintained the infallibility of the Bible teachings.

The *Transcript* says :—

> There were present one hundred and fifty members of the clergy; and they all, with one exception, applauded his views.
>
> The exception was Dr. Buckley. The doctor is editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, the official organ of the Methodist Church. He has been pastor of churches in Brooklyn, Newark, and Stamford, Conn. In replying to Prof. Curtis, he said: "I am sorry to disagree with my friend Curtis. I don't believe in the infallibility of the English version of the Bible, and I think there are scarcely four men in this meeting who do." There was immediately a chorus of protests. Dr. Buckley then went on to point out what he declared to be the many glaring inconsistencies in the English translation, even in its revised form. His language was practically a defence, a fortification, of the declarations of Dr. Lyman Abbott. All through Dr. Buckley's address his orthodox brethren had sat still, good breeding preventing them from interrupting. Then, when Dr. Buckley finally sat down, the storm broke. Clergyman after clergyman arose, and in somewhat unclerical heat denounced the views of Dr. Buckley and Dr. Lyman Abbott. Dr. Buckley then asked those present who believe that the Bible was verbally inspired to rise. There was only one minister who stood up, but afterward the others said they did not deny the infallibility of the Bible as a whole.

Peace is Better. IN view of the failure to confirm the proposed arbitration treaty with Great Britain, the following statistics, compiled by Dr. Engel, and now being widely quoted, are worth careful consideration :—

> Estimated cost of the Crimean war, $2,000,000,000; Italian war of 1859, $300,000,000; Prusso-Danish war of 1864, $35,000,000; the war of the rebellion in the United States, $7,400,000,000, of which the North's share was $5,100,000,000, the South's, $2,300,000,000; the Prussian-Austrian war of 1866, $300,000,000; Russo-Turkish war, $125,000,000; South African wars, $8,770,000; African war, $12,250,000, and Servia-Bulgarian, $176,000,000, and the Franco-Prussian war, $3,500,000,000. During this time 2,500,000 have perished as the result of these wars. Sickness has probably killed more people than have guns or swords. It was sickness that ran the death-rate in the Crimean war up to 750,000, or only 50,000 less than fell in all the tremendous battles of our own civil war. During the Franco-Prussian war 36,000 died of sickness, accidents, or suicide, and 20,000 in the German prisons alone; while the total number of sick and wounded, whose lives were doubtless shortened by their illness or injuries, was 477,421.

ONE UPWARD LOOK.

Sunday.

God Rules.

In the great world there are no accidents:
  Enthroned above the ages' ebb and flow,
    Unseen, misunderstood,
God rules, who in all seasons and events,
  Through fiery evil and o'erwhelming woe,
    Forever works the good.

And God hath wrought the good: forevermore
  The million-mouthed cries of martyrdom
    Are one immortal voice,
That sounds triumphant o'er the mighty roar
  Of instant days and centuries to come,
    And bids the world rejoice.

Rejoice that freedom's gifts the earth adorn,
And every path is open thoroughfare
Won on the fields of strife;
That man may mount to highways of the morn,
With Faith the light, and Hope the fragrant air,
And Charity the life.

—*Lyman Whitney Allen.*

Monday.

We Can.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen:
We always may be what we might have been.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

Tuesday.

Prayer.

"Dear Lord, I do not ask that grief and ills
should pass me by,
But that the future's veil should be a little rift, that I
May strengthen me to bear whate'er is sent, knowing it just."
The answer came, "I, God, thy future am:
strengthen thy trust."

—*F. R. Baron.*

Wednesday.

Belief.

Because I would,
I climbed the sunny slopes of maidenhood.
So far, so high, life's hill-tops looked to me,
Youth's pathway was so fair, so fresh, so free,
I thought not of the end; nor did I care
To think about it, whether it were fair
Beyond the summit, every moment glad
To pick the buds around me. For I had
No doubts, no fears, believed that God was good,
Believed in heaven and immortality,
Because I would.

Because I must,
I lean to-day upon my staff of trust.
The hill-tops are not far. I soon shall see
The other side burst forth. It cannot be
That I have climbed so far, and all for naught.
Ah, no! Some glorious glimpses I have caught,
And cannot help but take the down-stretched hand,
And cling to it, as tottering I stand.
Then tell me not that I am empty dust.
My spirit is belief. I hold to Thee
Because I must.

—*Julia H. May.*

Thursday.

Peace.

Calm soul of all things, make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give.
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Friday.

Don't Crowd!

Don't crowd! this world is large enough
For you as well as me:
The doors of art are open wide,
The realm of thought is free.
Of all earth's places you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from the door!
Of willing hands and honest hearts
Alone should men be proud,
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud miss! your dainty silk
Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress.
This lovely world was never made
For you and me alone:
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room,—
The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud,
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

—*Alice Cary.*

Saturday.

Nature.

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

—*Longfellow.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The completing leaflet lessons in the present course have been issued, covering the Sundays in June. The subjects are as follows: "A Book of Visions" (Daniel), "One More Look at the Prophets," "Old and New: Judaism and Jesus," and "Review." Price, 50 cents a hundred leaflets.

The Channing Hall "Talks" by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford have been of unusual interest this winter; and the teachers in attendance are fully agreed that they have received great benefit and enlightenment. The readers of this paragraph will share with me the deep feelings of sadness at the accident which has befallen Mr. Pulsford. At the time of writing this it is not clear just what will be the results from this injury to his head, which was occasioned by a fall. It is the hope of all that he will soon recover and be able to give again to his parish and the public the inspiration of his ever-active mind.

The anniversary meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society at King's Chapel on Thursday, May 27, included the following programme: remarks by the president, Rev. Edward A. Horton, followed by twenty-minute addresses by Rev. Charles G. Ames, D.D.,—subject, "The Three Sunday-school Objects: Inspiration, Education, Consecration"; Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer,—subject, "The Sunday-school of To-morrow"; Mr. Edwin D. Mead,—subject, "The Sunday-school as a Witness to God in History"; and Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D.,—subject, "Our Debt to the Children."

A new book just published promises to be of constant use and great help for Sunday-schools, especially the primary department. It is a volume compiled by Sarah J. Eddy, entitled "Songs of Happy Life." It is a happy collection of poems and music, much of which is original, treating the joyous life of nature, and containing songs appropriate to Bird Day and Arbor Day exercises. The little volume presents a very attractive appearance. I have not had time to test the music, but presume from its authorship that it is excellent. This book sells for the low price of 25 cents, and is published by the Art and Nature Study Publishing Company, Providence, R.I., pages 192, containing 109 songs; and in addition there are exercises and letter-press on humane education, band of mercy, and similar subjects. Copies can be ordered of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

I do not wish to make the question of the matter of money too prominent; but it is often necessary to bring up the subject of contributions to the Unitarian Sunday School Society, lest our ministers and superintendents should forget the appeal in the midst of so many other applications. Therefore, I venture to call to mind the opportunity which the spring and opening summer Sundays give to our churches and Sunday-schools for remembering the Unitarian Sunday School Society with an annual donation. Will you, friends, try to have this collection taken before the vacation days come, when it is impossible to obtain the best financial results?

The Unitarian Sunday School Society welcomes the awakening influence of the Young People's Religious Union. There is abundant ground for confidence in this movement that it will contribute at last, among its total results, to the upbuilding of the Sunday-school welfare. The young people are the natural allies of the Sunday-school, not simply as pupils, but as workers and teachers. The meetings at Boston on Anniversary Week were strong testimony not only to the need of such an organization, but to the response which such a movement meets when it is fitly inaugurated.

The Boston Sunday School Union closed its very successful winter session on Monday evening, May 17. Inspiring addresses were given by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, Mr. Dudley R. Child, and Rev. A. M. Lord. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, Mr. Frank A. Drew, Roxbury; vice-president, Mr. Dudley R. Child, Boston; secretary, Miss Louisa P. Parker, Cambridge, Mass.; treasurer, Mr. Julius H. Tuttle, Dedham, Mass.; directors, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston; Miss Mary E. Glidden, Neponset; Miss Lillian Allen, Boston; Miss Alice L. Higgins, Longwood; and Mr. Frank H. Burt, Newton, Mass.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

God's Spirit brings what most man's spirit asks,—
The eternal motive to the finite day,
The highest purpose to the smallest tasks,
The stars themselves as lamps to light our way. —*Priscilla Leonard.*

BOOKS.

How to read the Bible. By Walter F. Adeney. New York: Thomas Whitaker. The author of this exceedingly compact text-book is professor of New Testament Exegesis at New College, London; and he has succeeded in giving in most accessible form a very untechnical clear book of directions for intelligent method in reading the Bible. While quite careful and conservative, Prof. Adeney follows the purely scientific and historical method, and puts the average reader in the way of reaching the best modern conclusions. The chapter upon general principles to be followed may seem superfluous to many readers, but it carefully and clearly guards against errors which are only too common in popular Bible interpretation. No book which we have yet seen will be more serviceable to any Sunday-school teacher who wishes to understand the Bible before teaching its profound truths.

In this Present World. By George Hodges, D.D. New York: Thomas Whitaker.— We find this volume to be very commonplace sermons. Possibly that fact suggested the title. No other reason is apparent, for the subjects are the usual Scriptural ones, suggestive of all things both in heaven and earth. The most interesting passage we have discovered is the extraordinary statement in the preface which reads, "The first sermon in this book has been preached forty times." We refer our readers to the sermon itself for justification of our wonder. It is the quality of the sermon which provokes our surprise, and puzzles us as to the possible weakness of its author, who could consent to repeat it forty times. This particular sermon is entitled "The Ground of Christian Certainty"; and the whole argument consists in giving up every hope of human reason and every attempt to discover truth, and accept instead absolute authority, "accept it and be satisfied," put the weary sum away and accept another's answer. Perhaps the unreasonableness of this kind of argument necessitates its very frequent repetition. We do not think this volume fairly represents Dean Hodges's pulpit work.

John Hopkins Morison. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The subject of this memoir was a Unitarian minister, the representative of a class of which there are few left. He lived in every decade of the nineteenth century; that is to say, his life covers the whole period of Unitarian development in this country. Dr. Morison was, however, not himself a controversialist. This memoir deals with the facts of his quiet life and the qualities of his sweet and unselfish character. His one aim in life was to prove himself in all things a faithful minister of Christ. Besides his parochial and pulpit work in the quiet parish of Milton, Mass., Dr. Morison served the denomination as the first professor of New Testament Exegesis when the Divinity School at Harvard was established, also as editor of the *Christian Register* for a time, and later of the *Unitarian Review*. This memoir will be of interest not only to Dr. Morison's numerous friends, but as throwing many side lights upon the whole period of our denominational history.

Jesus Christ during his Ministry. By Edmund Stapfer. New York: Scribner's Sons.—This volume is the second in the series entitled "Jesus Christ: His Person, his Authority, his Work." It is admirably translated from the French. As a clear and yet vividly written description of the ministry of Jesus considered from a purely historical point of view, this work promises to be a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

The Open Mystery. By A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—This last volume from the generous hand of Mrs. Whitney will probably be a surprise as it will surely be a delight to her many devoted readers. "The Open Mystery" is neither more nor less than a new and remarkable interpretation of the sacred stories of the Old Testament. Mrs. Whitney tells us that the volume grew out of studies begun for the purpose of helping her grandsons to a proper understanding of the mysteries hidden in the wonderful Biblical stories. The secret of her explanation may be suggested by the quotation on the title page,—"All these things are done in parables." Mrs. Whitney does not care so much for dates, authorship, or origin of the various Old Testament legends; but she seeks and reveals the treasure of truth which was from the beginning, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

The *New World* for June, 1897, has the following varied and attractive table of contents: "The Possibilities of Mysticism in Modern Thought," W. W. Fenn; "A Fragment on the Ephesian Gospel," E. A. Abbott; "Jesus the Ideal Man," J. M. Whiton; "The Problem of Job," Josiah Royce; "Thought as a Remedial Agent," E. F. Hayward; "The Philosopher of Harmony and Fire," C. P. Parker; "The Theism of China," F. H. James; "Adaptation in Missionary Method," W. J. Mutch; "The Paul of the Acts and the Paul of the Epistles," Orello Cone. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

QUEER COMPANIONS.

I am going to tell you a true story about two strange playmates, a dog and a toad.

The dog, whose name was Don, was a great, fine-looking fellow, and seemed to understand everything that was said to him.

One evening I thought I would go into the back yard and see how Don was getting along. He was very apt to run away, you see, so we had a portion of the yard fenced off for him to roam about in.

When I got near, I noticed that Don was very intently watching something on the ground. Wondering what it could be, I approached very quietly, and there lay a toad. Its little eyes were blinking rapidly, and were watching every movement of the big animal beside him.

"Poor little toad," I said, "you are afraid you are going to be killed; but I will save you." So I pushed it along until we reached a hole in the fence, and poked it through into the next yard.

Now Don did not seem to like this one bit. He followed me closely, uttering little barks and making funny noises.

"Oh, ho! Master Don," said I. "You are angry to think your prey has escaped you; but, if you want anything to kill, you had better hunt for a rat."

As I left, Don seemed to look after me reproachfully; but I did not mind, for I felt I had done a good deed in saving the life of the toad.

The next evening, however, I was attracted by a series of joyful little barks from Don.

"What is the matter with him?" I wondered, and concluded I would go back and see.

When I got there, what was my surprise to see the toad there again. Don was jumping about, and seemed to be tickled to death.

"What a foolish toad," I thought, "to brave death in this way." So I tried to make it move, but could not budge it.

Don was very uneasy during this operation; and I began to think there was something funny about the affair, so I determined to watch and see what would happen.

Don eyed me suspiciously for a while, but finally seemed to make up his mind that I was not going to interfere with him; and then he turned his attention to the toad.

First he took his paw, and began scratching the sand over the toad until he had entirely buried it. Then with his nose he gently brushed the dirt away. After he had done this several times, he opened his mouth, and, to my dismay, picked up the poor little toad, and walked off to another part of the garden with it.

"O you naughty dog!" I cried. "Are you not ashamed to kill that poor toad?" And I ran after him, hoping to be in time to save its life.

I need not have worried, however; for, when I got there, Master Toad was lying on the ground without a scratch of any kind, and looking as if it had really enjoyed its novel ride.

Don was wagging his tail, and, glancing at me, seemed to say, "How could you think I would kill my little friend?"

I felt so ashamed of my unjust suspicions that I left; and, as I looked back, he was going through his burying process again.

The next night and the next the toad appeared. Don would bury it, uncover it, and then pick it up, and carry it to another place. And what good times these two would have! The toad seemed to enjoy the play extremely, and would let Don do anything he wanted to; while Don was very gentle, handling his playmate with great care.

For over a month the toad appeared. But one night it did not come, and Don was disconsolate. He ran around the yard, poking his nose into all the corners and uttering little cries, as if calling on the toad to come out and play.

It was of no avail, however, for it never came again; and it was a long time before Don gave up watching for his strange little friend.—*H. Mae Johnson, in Our Dumb Animals.*

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

It will be seen by reference to the cover that we are keeping an *index* to every item of news from our churches. At the end of each year that index is given to every subscriber, so that references to what has taken place in any society can easily be made.

Has your church an item of news in this number of the *Unitarian?* We should be glad to have you represented, and will gladly publish every month any announcements, notices, or news which you will send us. The *Unitarian* is a parish paper, and its interest is in every parish.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Rev. Charles T. Sempers, having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches.

D. M. Wilson, *Chairman.*
D. W. Morehouse, *Secretary.*

Athol, Mass.—Rev. and Mrs. Carl G. Horst of the Second Church will sail for Germany June 24, for a three months' visit to Mr. Horst's old home there, which he left about fifteen years ago. The Executive Committee have granted him a three months' leave of absence. Rev. Mr. Horst has nobly earned this rest and change. He has been most faithful in attendance upon duties connected with the church and appendant societies, and the prosperous condition in which they now are is largely a result of his popularity and energetic effort.

Bernardston, Mass.—Easter Sunday was very appropriately observed by the Unitarian parish, Rev. Mr. Birks preaching a sermon in the morning upon Immortality and selected music by the choir. The young people's Fraternity now number over sixty; and four of the number united with the church at that time, two young men and two women. The evening was devoted to the young people, who, with the Sunday-school children, gave an interesting entertainment, consisting of recitations and music. Remarks were made by the pastor and selections by the choir. Two members from the Fraternity were elected as delegates to attend the meetings in Boston Anniversary Week.

The Ladies' Social Circle held their annual meeting on the first Wednesday in May, and re-elected the old board of officers. Reports from the secretary show that the women during the past year have accumulated some over $300, $200 of which was paid into the treasury of the parish.

Boston, Mass.—King's Chapel: A bronze tablet has been put up over the door of King's Chapel, giving the date of its establishment and that of the corner-stone of the present building: "King's Chapel 1686. The corner-stone of this building laid August 11, 1749."

—The Channing Club gave a reception and banquet to Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Mrs. Hale at the Vendome Hotel, April 26, in commemoration of Dr. Hale's seventy-fifth birthday. There was a very large gathering of members and their wives. The invited guests included Dr. Philip S. Moxom and Dr. George Hodges. Dr. Hale was in the best health, and spoke with his ever-unfailing humor, full of feeling and inspiration.

—*Church of the Disciples:* The James Freeman Clarke Club had a large and interested audience at a recent Sunday evening service. Invitations had been sent to neighbor unions, and were responded to by encouraging delegations. The topic was "The True Christian," and was ably treated by the president of the home organization, Miss Lena L. Carpenter, and Mr. Fisher, Mr. Howard, Miss Burgess, Miss Hastings, by Miss Mason, president of the New South and Unity Union, Mr. Locke, president of the Second Church Fraternity, Rev. F. B. Mott, Rev. L. W. Sprague, Rev. C. G. Ames, Miss Cheever, Mr. Thomas Roberts, Mr. Daymude, one of these from Trinity and one from a Christian Endeavor Society. A paper was read by Miss Baker of the Nathaniel Hall Society, for Mrs. Holbrook. A broadly charitable but deeply religious, sentiment characterized all the speaking. The singing from the new "Hymnal Leaflet" was much enjoyed.

—The Benevolent Fraternity have formally voted to discontinue services in the Church of the Unity, and to sell the property. Since the resignation of Rev. Minot J. Savage the supporters of the church have scattered, preferring to attend the suburban churches near their own homes. The Benevolent Fraternity already own four properties in the South End; and the sale of the Church of the Unity will aid, and not

diminish, the missionary activities of the district.

—A meeting of unusual significance was held in Channing Hall under the auspices of the Monday Club, May 17. Rev. C. F. Dole presided; and representative speakers from the Trinitarian Congregationalists, the Methodists, the Universalists, and the Unitarians addressed the meeting on the subject of "Our Common Affirmations." Dr. W. E. Barton spoke for the Congregationalists, Dr. John D. Pickles for the Methodists, Rev. D. M. Hodge for the Universalists, and Dr. Charles G. Ames for the Unitarians. The hall was filled with ministers, many of other denominations than those represented by speakers also being present. There was remarkable unanimity of thought and faith. The broadest spirit of appreciation prevailed, and desire for an enlargement of the area of truth was expressed by all. Such meetings mark the progress of reason and common sense in religion.

Burlington, Vt.—At a mass meeting held in the parlors of the church on the evening of April 16 it was voted after some discussion to establish a Young People's Religious Union in the First Congregational Church (Unitarian) of Burlington, Vt. As soon as this had been done, Unity was called to order by its new president, Miss Frances A. Hall, and voted to become a branch of the Y. P. R. U., thus becoming the section for "Truth" by carrying on the literary work of the society. This work is not a new departure, but only a continuation of the work which it has done for several years. Following the action of Unity, Wadsworth Club was also called to order, and decided to become the branch of the union which should stand for "Service." This is not new work for this club, either; for its existence has for years past been wholly for this purpose. Throughout the winter they have met regularly, and have contributed to several poor families both food and clothing. This clothing they have made themselves at their fortnightly meetings; and the result of their work is a great credit to the young girls who have been so faithful to their motto, "Lend a hand." During the evening upon which the union was organized seventy-seven names were entered in the book given by the pastor for the purpose, and more have been added since. So the new society starts off with a goodly number. The weekly meetings held on Monday evenings for the purpose of worship are conducted by the young people. They have been well attended, thus proving the interest which is being manifested; and we can only hope that this interest will grow, so that we may reap a bountiful harvest from this newly sown seed. The Y. P. R. U. will be represented at the May meetings by Miss Frances A. Hall, the Sunday-school by Mrs. C. A. Mosely, the church by its pastor, Rev. J. H. Metcalf, Mrs. E. C. Mower, and Miss Hall.

Cambridge, Mass.—Rev. Augustus Phineas Reccord was installed pastor of the Third Congregational Society on Thursday evening, April 22. The sermon was preached by Rev. John Cuckson. Others who took part in the service were Rev. S. M. Crothers, Rev. S. W. Brooke, Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, Rev. George W. Bicknell, Rev. F. Gill, and Hon. L. M. Hannum.

Castine, Me.—The church here has been put in thorough repair, handsomely decorated, has had a new and expensive organ fitted into the beautiful old case. The services are well attended. We have good music, bright prospects, and a feeling of courage and cheer prevails, much of which is due to the generous assistance of those who responded to our appeal for help, and who, we feel sure, will rejoice with us in the pretty and attractive church interior, which they have had so large a share in effecting.

There is no lovelier spot on the coast of Maine than this old and historic Castine. It is easy of access, and a constant delightful surprise to all who visit it. Come, and be convinced.

Charlestown, N.H.—A very large congregation gathered at the Unitarian church April 25, including the Charlestown Lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to hear the anniversary sermon by Rev. T. D. Howard. Mr. Howard's text was Hebrews xiii. 1,—"Let brotherly love continue."

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Among the many enterprises conducted in Chattanooga for the betterment of the humbler classes, none have met with greater favor or proved more commendable than the free night-school organized by the Lend a Hand Club at the Unitarian church. There are now about sixty pupils enrolled, and the entire church and guild house will be devoted to the work. Sessions are held Monday and Thursday nights, from 7.30 to 9.30 o'clock. Instruction is given free of all expense, with text-books furnished in the following branches: reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand, free-hand drawing, piano music, vocal music, elocution, and sewing.

Chelsea, Mass.—The Chelsea Branch of the Women's National Alliance, Mrs. A. P. Reccord, president, held its last meeting for the season on Tuesday, May 11. Its records show a long list of activities. The Philanthropic Committee have disbursed $138 for

charitable purposes, and donated $45 to the church. It has given to the needy three tons of coal, five barrels, collectively, of vegetables and apples, and has distributed ten large packages of clothing and two hundred and forty-four single garments. The Post-office Mission has disseminated Unitarian literature to the number of fifteen hundred copies of books, magazines, papers, and tracts. The Cheerful Letter Club shows a correspondence aggregating one hundred and sixty-eight letters, with its other work; and the Entertainment and Social Committee have joined in spirited emulation. The treasurer reports a disbursement to the church of $817 from the Alliance, and from the Alliance and Social Circle Combine.

Chicago, Ill.— All Souls' Church has issued its fourteenth annual, containing one hundred pages, and crowded with information and detailed reports of the work that goes steadily on in the society. The Third Church holds its services in the chapel of the Lewis Institute since the fire which destroyed the church building. All the activities of the society have gone on without interruption. The Branch Alliance recently entertained the Chicago Associate Alliance in the Universalist Church of the Redeemer by courtesy of the Universalist trustees.

—*First Church:* The new chapel is very nearly completed, and will probably be dedicated early in June. Services are to be held there throughout the entire summer. The question as to whether it is advisable to start a Sunday-school there has not yet been settled, but such a school will undoubtedly be started if there seems to be a prospect of securing a good attendance. Mr. Fenn's address has been changed to 5817 Madison Avenue.

—*Unity Church:* Mr. Bulkeley left on May 19 to attend the Unitarian anniversaries in Boston, returning to Chicago on Saturday, May 29. The Elm Street settlement, which has been conducted by Unity Church, has been put in charge of a board of directors outside the church, who intend to make it as powerful a force on the North Side as is Hull House in its section of the city.

—*Third Church:* The ladies of the Third Church have been active in the work of the Post-office Mission, which is under the charge of the Alliance, and which has during the past year sent out over eight hundred papers, sermons, tracts, books, etc., to its thirteen correspondents. The church was well represented at the various sessions of the Western Conference held at Unity Church, May 3 to 6; and on Sunday, May 9, Rev. F. L. Hosmer of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, occupied the pulpit. The Aid Society and Branch Alliance, which have been occupied through the winter with charitable work, have concluded their work for the season.

Colorado Springs, Col.—Rev. W. A. Pratt of All Souls' Unitarian Church has resigned the pastorate here on account of ill-health. Mr. Pratt intends spending a long vacation, probably in Europe. After eighteen years of continual pulpit and parish work he both needs and deserves a period of recuperation.

Concord, Mass.—Rev. A. W. Jackson has recently delivered a course of three lectures on "Immortality" in the First Parish parlors. It has been esteemed a great privilege on the part of the goodly number present to have been permitted to listen to so thorough and masterly a treatment of this great theme. Mr. Jackson has made a long and profound study of the subject, and brings to bear on it light from philosophy, science, and literature. We hope that other churches may have the pleasure of hearing these lectures, in order that they may benefit as large a number of people as possible.

Concord, N.H.—Our pastor, Rev. Frank L. Phalen, is spending a few weeks in England for the benefit of his health. Thus far, during his absence, the pulpit has been supplied as follows: on Sunday morning, April 25, by Rev. Alfred Gooding of Portsmouth, N.H.; May 2 by Rev. Mr. Valentine of Boston; May 9 by Rev. George L. Chaney of Leominster, Mass.; and May 16 by Rev. Dr. Young of Waltham, Mass. On Saturday evening, May 1, the annual May Festival was held in White's Opera House. This festival is given under the auspices of the Parish Fund society of the Unitarian church. The interior of the hall presented a beautiful appearance, when it was thrown open to the public at 3 P.M. Supper was served in an adjoining hall throughout the evening. The afternoon entertainment was opened with the "May-pole Dance," which was most charmingly given on the stage by twelve little misses. This was followed by the beautiful "Butterfly Dance," given by eleven young ladies.

The evening's entertainment opened with "The Toy Shop." This was a complete novelty, participated in by about forty young people and children. The festival was a social and financial success, and reflects much credit upon those who had it in charge.

Dighton, Mass.—A correspondent writes: "Beautiful is Dighton, with its picturesque hills and the Taunton River,—Dighton, celebrated for strawberries and alewives and shad and clam-bakes, and for a Unitarian church, curiously yclept "Pæ-

dobaptist,'' old and so venerable, ministered to by Rev. Mary L. Leggett, herself not old enough to be venerable, yet esteemed for her pulpit effectiveness, her utter consecration, and her tireless work. Under her faithful ministry the old society has had experience of new life. Not only have new members been brought in, but a guild has been organized, a Woman's Alliance has been formed, a Lend a Hand Club called together; and all have done good work. And now money is being raised to repair the church, which to our summer visitors, we trust, may wear a more inviting look.''

Dorchester, Mass.—May 6 was a memorable day in the history of the famous First Parish in Dorchester; for on that day, in the presence of a great representative gathering of laity and clergy, the sixth meeting-house was formally dedicated. This church was organized in England, and the first meeting-house built in 1631, near the corner of Pleasant and Cottage Streets, Dorchester, Mass.; second meeting-house built in 1646, same locality, moved in 1673 to Meeting-house Hill; third meeting-house built in 1678, Meeting-house Hill; fourth meeting-house built in 1744, Meeting-house Hill; fifth meeting-house built in 1816, Meeting-house Hill; sixth meeting-house built 1897. The new edifice is almost identical with that of the old church; and the old bell, which was cast in England in 1757, is hung in the belfry, having been recast, owing to the injury it sustained at the fire by falling from the belfry.

The interior is also very much the same as was the interior of the old church. Electric lighting, steam heating, and a more modern arrangement of the pews are some of the changes. The pulpit, which was the original pulpit of the old West Church, was presented to the First Parish Society by Mr. Andrew C. Wheelwright. It is a magnificent piece of work, of solid mahogany, finely carved. The organ, which was purchased at a cost of $6,000, is encased in mahogany of special designs. The interior is finished in white and mahogany. The vestry contains several rooms,—hall, kitchen, pantry, dining-room, and several class-rooms. The whole structure has cost about $58,000.

The dedication exercises began at four o'clock in the afternoon. The church was filled, a large number of ministers being in attendance. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Arthur Little, D.D., pastor of the Second Church, Dorchester. The report of the Building Committee and the delivery of the keys of the meeting-house were given by the chairman of the committee, J. Homer Pierce. In his report he paid a glowing tribute to the architects and builders. Rev. Eugene Rodman Shippen, pastor of the church, accepted the keys in behalf of the congregation and parish. He paid a high compliment to the committee and the satisfactory manner in which the work has been performed. A hymn, written by Miss Mary L. Hall for the occasion, was sung by the congregation, after which the dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. James De Normandie, pastor of the First Church in Roxbury. The anthem, ''Lift up your Heads, O Ye Gates,'' was then sung by the choir, after which Rev. S. J. Barrows read from the Scriptures Psalms xix., cv., cvii.

An inspiring sermon was preached by Rev. C. C. Everett, D.D., who took for his text Acts iii. 2,—''The gate of the temple which is called Beautiful.'' Prayer was offered by Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, a former pastor of the church. The hymn written for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the parish in 1880, by Eliza T. Clapp, was sung; and the pastor pronounced the benediction. A collation was served in the vestry to the invited guests.

The evening services opened at 7.45, every seat being occupied. The invocation was given by Rev. Edward H. Hall. Rev. Richard W. Boynton read from the Scriptures.

Mrs. Emily A. Fifield of the school board, and a member of the parish, was then introduced. Her subject was ''The Activity of Women.'' She told of the activity in good works of women in church matters in the early times, when they were obliged to undergo many hardships, activity in the anti-slavery movement, and activity in the Civil War. Rev. Edward E. Hale spoke of the history of the church for more than two and one-half centuries. Edwin D. Mead spoke upon the Puritans, among whom was an ancestor of his, who rang the bell on the old meeting-house.

The anthem, ''Give unto the Lord,'' was rendered by the choir, after which the pastor, Rev. E. R. Shippen, made the closing remarks. The closing prayer was offered by Rev. William H. Lyon, D.D., pastor of the First Church, Brookline. The singing of a hymn to the tune of ''All Saints,'' and the pronouncing of the benediction by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., closed the exercises.

The Building Committee included J. Homer Pierce, chairman, Henry J. Nazro, Henry Hall, Edward B. Allen, Charles A. Burditt, Samuel Crowell, M.D., Richard C. Humphreys, Miss S. Frank King, and James E. Swan. The music throughout, with Mr. C. P. Scott at the organ and a large choir, was exceedingly beautiful.

Gouverneur, N.Y.—Rev. Hasket D. Catlin, who was settled over the First Unitarian Society some six months ago, is fast winning his way to the hearts of all the people in the community. His parish, moreover, is steadily growing in size and vigor; and there is the utmost interest and

harmonious feeling in its ranks. The Sunday-school, which has just got to work, is a particularly encouraging feature. Practically, the whole church belongs to it. There is excellent prospect of a Young People's Religious Union Society being formed in the fall. A Wednesday evening study class meets at the parsonage, and has an average attendance of sixteen to eighteen deeply interested members. Mr. Catlin has recently issued a leaflet for free distribution, which admirably states what this society stands for. It is chiefly for use with the strangers, who are numerous now at the church services.

Helena, Mont.—Rev. Carlton F. Brown entered on his duties as pastor of the First Unitarian Society on Easter Sunday.

Hingham, Mass.—The Year Book of the First Parish, just published, shows a prosperous condition. Over $3,800 was raised by subscription and by a fair to complete payment for the parish house, built in 1891, and to paint the old meeting-house, which has entered on the two hundred and seventeenth year of its existence. The date of the parish house, read upside down, gives the year when the oldest meeting-house now used for worship in this country was built,—1681.

Hinsdale, Ill,—Reports read at the tenth annual meeting of this society showed that all the activities are in a healthy state. The "Church Manual" contains accounts of the past year's work in the various departments. The book is decorated with a picture of the church and of the minister, Rev. Charles F. Elliott.

Holyoke, Mass.—The ladies of our church have just given their sixteenth annual May party, with their accustomed enterprise and success. During the afternoon and evening about thirteen hundred people were in attendance. The treasury of the ladies' society is something over $300 better off for this annual effort. A short time ago the Young People's Religious Union of our church entertained the young people of the neighboring churches in Chicopee, Northampton, Florence, and Springfield. About one hundred young people were present, sixty coming from the above churches. The meeting was of an informal social nature, designed to cultivate closer acquaintance and a sense of "the larger fellowship."

Lancaster, Mass.— The First Parish hopes to celebrate on August 4 the fiftieth anniversary of its beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. G. M. Bartol.

Middle States Conference.—A special spring meeting of the conference was held in Toronto May 5. The morning devotional meeting was conducted by Rev. John H. Applebee of Buffalo. The remainder of the morning was given up to two interesting papers on the subject, "Unintended Influences that are promoting the Cause of Unitarianism." Rev. Thomas R. Slicer spoke on "Some Recent Discussions concerning the Historical Jesus and the Theological Christ," and Rev. Merle St. C. Wright on "Science, the Destroyer of the Doctrines opposed to Unitarianism."

At the afternoon session the first paper was by Rev. Dr. James T. Bixby of Yonkers, N.Y., on "Will the Future Life be a Revolution or an Evolution?" "A Rational View of Faith in Jesus" was the subject of a delightful paper by Rev. Alexander T. Bowser of Wilmington, Del.

Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester followed Mr. Bowser, speaking on "The Civic Communion of Churches."

In the evening a platform meeting was held, at which four addresses were made. The general subject was "The Demand of the Times on the Unitarian Ministry." (1) "For an Aggressive and Constructive Missionary Policy" was treated by Mr. Slicer; (2) "To proclaim Unitarianism as a Constructive Faith," by Mr. Calthrop; (3) "For Leadership in Thought," by Mr. Wright; (4) "To show that Oneness in Spirit, not Intellectual Agreement, is the Condition of Fellowship and Co-operation in Religion," by Mr. Gannett. This meeting closed the conference at Toronto; and the next night there was a second platform meeting held in Hamilton, Ont.

Milbury, Mass.—Rev. Harry S. Mitchell has accepted the urgent and unanimous call of the Unitarian society in this place, and will continue his earnest efforts to strengthen this congregation.

New England Associate Branch Alliance.—The Branch of the Alliance connected with the First Parish in Medford extended a cordial invitation to all the New England Branches to meet with them on Saturday, May 15. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells presided. Exercises began at 11 A.M. Addresses were given by Rev. H. C. De Long of Medford, "The Influence of Liberal Thought upon Literature"; Mrs. George S. Hale of Boston, "Unitarian Men and Women in Public Life"; Miss Margaret Foster of Portsmouth, N.H., "Influence of Religion upon Art." Box-lunch at 1 P.M., the ladies of the Medford Alliance providing tea and coffee. The afternoon session began at two o'clock, when short informal addresses were made upon various phases of Alliance work by Mrs. Paul Frothingham of New Bedford, Mrs. Ellen C. Goodwin of Cambridge, Miss Bertha Langmaid of Brookline, and others.

Newport, R.I. — Channing Memorial Church was crowded on Easter morning

by an eager and jubilant congregation, drawn thither by the special services and by the perfect climatic conditions.

The handsome church never looked more beautiful or attractive. A confirmation class of ten received the right hand of fellowship, and eight persons were baptized. Rev. George W. Cutter preached an earnest and eloquent discourse upon "Jesus as the Revealer of the Spirit-world." The musical selections were unusually sweet and inspiring. In the evening a Sunday-school celebration again filled the church to its utmost capacity. The Easter carols were sung with remarkable vigor and expression, the children's chorus being well sustained by an amateur orchestra of ten pieces, which added greatly to the volume of tone. Readings, recitations, and an address by the pastor followed.

New York.—There was an unusually large attendance at the last meeting of the New York Unitarian Club, which was held on Wednesday evening, April 28, at the Hotel St. Denis. An excellent dinner preceded the speech-making. The president, Mr. William H. Kenyon, occupied the chair. The guests of the evening were Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, lately installed as pastor of the Unitarian church in Troy, and his wife, Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker. Mr. Crooker made the first address, and spoke on "The Real Significance of the Unitarian Movement." He said the Unitarian movement is the result of a message of religion lifted to the level of all discovered truth. Its real significance is that it is a religious method which is endeavoring to put into divinest harmony the powers and providences of life, such as science, democracy, and philanthropy. Science is not religion; but religion, to be truly religious, must be scientific. Unitarianism is an endeavor to have such a thought of God as shall be inclusive of all the facts. It is, indeed, a religious thought-method vastly superior to that of any other church. There is no room for Unitarianism as simply another variety of Orthodoxy.

Rev. Merle St. C. Wright followed Mr. Crooker, and spoke at length and with great earnestness on the same subject.

Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage was present, and was announced to speak; but, owing to the lateness of the hour, he said briefly that he was cheered by the outlook in Unitarianism.

—The last meeting for this season of the New York Branch of the National Alliance was held at the Church of the Messiah, New York, with a very large attendance. After the reading of reports, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: president, Mrs. S. A. Burton; vice-president, Mrs. J. E. Roberts; corresponding secretary, Mrs. G. W. Smallwood; recording secretary, Mrs. Fiske; treasurer, Mrs. Roswell Skeel; executive committee, Mrs. J. P. Hale, Mrs. Minot J. Savage, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Billings, and Mrs. Chester O. Burton. The chairman announced that next winter Rev. Minot J. Savage will give a series of "Talks" to the members of the Alliance. Mrs. Gustav Becker read a most able and instructive paper on "The Legal Basis for the Acquisition and Expenditure of Wealth."

Northfield, Mass.—The Northfield Unity Club has devoted six evenings the past winter to the study of the town; and papers were read on each of the following subdivisions of the subject: I. (1) "Settlement of the Town," (2) "Conflicts with the Indians"; II. (1) "Northfield in the Revolutionary War," (2) "In the Wars of 1812 and with Mexico," (3) "In the Civil War"; III. (1) "The Geology of the Town," (2) "Its Mineralogy," (3) "Its Botany," (4) "Its Zoölogy"; IV. (1) "History of Northfield Churches," (2) "The Public Schools," (3) "The Academy," (4) "The Select High School," (5) "The Seminary"; V. (1) "The Town Government," (2) "The Masonic Lodge," (3) "The Farmers' Grange," (4) "The Grand Army of the Republic," (5) "The Woman's Relief Corps," (6) "The Militia"; VI. (1) "Sketches of Distinguished Persons born or at Some Time living in Northfield," (2) "Progress of the Town," (3) "Needed Improvements." The subject awakened so much interest and proved to be so instructive that it is commended to clubs in other towns. Twelve evenings would be better than six for its presentation.

Omaha, Neb.—The Young Women's Christian Association of this city, organized a few years ago on a distinctly unsectarian basis, with Unitarian representation on its board of managers, has been convulsed of late by the effort of some of its orthodox members to evangelize the constitution, and bring the body into line with the National Association. That done, a meeting of that body in Omaha during the Trans-Mississippi Exposition next year was among the possibilities. Accordingly, at the regular meeting in May, a new constitution was presented and adopted by a decisive vote, making active membership conditional upon membership in an evangelical church. This was a rather high-handed proceeding, as, besides numerous efficient liberal women, a large minority of the membership was Catholic, and aroused much popular protest. Several orthodox preachers, interviewed by reporters, disapproved the action. Sermons were preached about it in the Unitarian and Universalist churches, Rev. Newton M.

Mann's comments appearing in both the dailies Monday morning. The result was that at an adjourned meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association Monday evening the action of the previous meeting was rescinded by a vote of eighty-five to sixty-nine; and this excellent organization stands, as before, on a pronounced unsectarian basis, its doors open to good women of any church or of no church.

Pasadena, Cal.—Universalists and Unitarians have worshipped together for years, and a large and influential congregation exists, whereas, if separate organizations were attempted, neither would have any considerable success.

Peabody, Mass.—The annual meeting of the First Unitarian Church was held May 3. A favorable condition of the finances was reported. A communication was read, notifying the society of a bequest of $5,000 from the estate of the late Jonathan King, the income to be used for the expenses of the church. Appropriate resolutions were adopted. The resignation of the pastor, who has been settled here for twenty-three years, was read and received with regret. It was voted to refer the resignation to the Standing Committee, with instructions to retain Mr. Hudson, if possible.

Portland, Ore.—The thirteenth session of the Pacific Unitarian Conference was held at the church from May 5 to 10, inclusive. Dr. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco preached the opening sermon Wednesday evening. After the service there was a reception in the chapel, given under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary. The next day a business meeting was held in the forenoon, after which Rev. A. J. Wells of San Francisco read a paper on "Unitarianism and the Christianity of Jesus." After luncheon there were interesting papers by Rev. Alfred W. Martin of Tacoma, Rev. Oliver Fairfield of Spokane, and Mr. Charles A. Murdock of San Francisco. Discussions followed each of these papers. In the evening there were addresses by President Chapman of the University of Oregon and Rev. William R. Alger of Boston. The latter's address, "Things Seen and Temporal a Revelation of Things Unseen and Eternal," was especially fine.

Friday morning there were papers by Rev. George R. Dodson of Alameda and Mrs. Flora H. Padgham. Mr. Dodson's subject was "Unitarianism and the Philosophy of Evolution." Mrs. Padgham talked of "The Sunday-school and Kindergarten Methods." After a business meeting, with election of officers, etc., luncheon was served, as on the day before, by the women of the church. The annual session of the Women's Unitarian Conference of this coast was held in the afternoon. After devotional exercises, led by Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes, Mrs. Eliot gave the address of welcome, to which Mrs. Wilkes responded. After the business of the conference had been transacted there were papers by Miss Bertha Shafter of Oakland and Mrs. Ralph Wilbur. Discussions followed these papers. The meeting closed with the retiring president's address by Mrs. Wilkes. In the evening there was a platform meeting with a number of brief addresses.

The Sunday-school took its annual outing on Saturday. The visitors to the conference went as guests of the Portland church. The excursion was, as usual, up the gorge of the Columbia, and made by steamer.

Rev. Mr. Alger preached the conference sermon Sunday morning. During the service Mr. Frank Percival Smedley was ordained to the ministry. There was a platform meeting in the evening, with short addresses by Dr. Eliot, Dr. Stebbins, Mr. Smedley, and others. The men of the conference were entertained by the Channing Club at dinner Monday evening. A number of the delegates have pronounced this the pleasantest and most successful session the conference has ever held.

Proctor Academy, N.H.—The Unitarian Educational Society has received the following letters of donation of a welcome addition to its educational facilities:—

"*To the Trustees of Proctor Academy,*—I hereby give to you, for the use of the students of Proctor Academy, the collection of dried plants begun by Miss Emily Robinson, late of Manchester, upon the conditions that it be called the 'Emily Robinson Herbarium' and that suitable provision be made for its preservation and convenient use. The collection now numbers three hundred and fifteen specimens, representing eighty orders, accurately named and numbered by the latest edition of Gray's 'Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States.' My hope is that it may be an inspiration to the study of beautiful common things and the nucleus of a large and increasingly valuable collection. ALICE MARSHALL.

"Manchester, N.H., March 24, 1897."

A letter to the teachers and pupils of Proctor Academy, Andover, N.H., by Miss Marshall, accompanied the letter of donation, and contains the following statement concerning the origin of the collection:—

"Until about two years ago there lived in the city of Manchester a woman whose living was earned by the hard work of her hands, but whose spirit was not bounded by the four walls of her work-room. The

best in literature belonged to her by right of appreciation. All nature appealed to her, and had her constant love and study. This herbarium was one of the joys of her life. Many a night when too tired to sleep, she has turned over its leaves and found calm and rest. Every plant has its story of wayside or wood or field, of frequent walk or rarer drive. She often said that some time, when she was done with it, and it was large and valuable, she would give it to a school, hoping it might show to some one else the paths that had been so pleasant to her. In the fulfilment of that intention and with the same hope the Emily Robinson Herbarium is now given to you."

Letters of thankful acceptance of this consecrated gift were returned to Miss Alice Marshall, friend of the late Miss Emily Robinson, by President J. C. A. Hill, for the trustees, and Rev. James F. Norton, principal, for the teachers and students. J. M. Fellows, Esq., of Manchester kindly offers to defray the cost of proper provision for the preservation and use of the collection.

Providence, R.I.—The children of the First Congregational Sunday-school in Providence celebrated Dr. Hale's birthday a few weeks ago by a very successful birthday party, the only drawback being the absence of Dr. Hale himself. As soon as the children could be brought to order, they were grouped according to their birthday months. January, heading the procession, led them to their seats. They seemed to be interested in listening to anecdotes of Dr. Hale's boyhood days, and in what Mr. Lord could tell them of his own personal experiences with him.

The principal attraction was the poem recited by twelve boys and girls, which prepared the way for the birthday-cake, brought in at the last moment, with the seventy-five candles all lighted. It was just at dusk when the cake appeared, and the sudden glare of so many candles made quite an impression on the party. All the little folks joined in sending birthday greetings to Dr. Hale; and, after some music and a game or two, the good time came to an end.

—The First Congregational Church Branch of the Women's Alliance in Providence, R.I., have held a series of most entertaining and instructive meetings during the past winter. Very interesting papers were contributed by members on the following subjects: "Bible Folk-lore," "Old Testament Prose," "The Poetry of the Bible," and "New Testament Writings." In January Miss Tolman of Boston read her paper on "Should Rich Women work for Money?" and in March Miss Rice, supervisor of drawing in the public schools, gave a most enjoyable paper on "Art in the Public Schools." A simple tea was served at the close of each meeting, which added much to the sociability and pleasure of the occasion.

Revere, Mass.—Since Rev. S. L. Elberfeld was ordained pastor of the First Unitarian Society in January last, the society has grown in numbers and in interest. The congregation has doubled. The Sunday-school attendance averages about a hundred, and has reached one hundred and eighteen. All departments are flourishing. On several Sunday evenings stereopticon lectures were given, which attracted audiences larger than the seating capacity of the church, many being turned away for lack of room. The topics most popular were "The Civil War," "Napoleon," and "Ben-Hur."

Last Sunday evening the young people held the first meeting of the Tuckerman Union in connection with the National Young People's Religious Union. Mr. Warren of the Hale Union, Newton Centre, spoke most interestingly of this union's work, reading to the blind and sick in families and hospitals, giving entertainments at Parker Memorial, Boston, and the like. Mr. Whiton of the Chelsea union told of their work done and difficulties overcome. These words of encouragement were spoken to about sixty interested young people. The movement bids fair to be a success. The new "Union Hymnal Leaflet" was used.

Salem, Mass.—The guilds of Salem and vicinity have held two notable meetings recently at the East Church, Salem. The first was on Sunday evening, May 2. This was a religious meeting attended by young people from Danvers, Beverly, Marblehead, and Salem. Each guild was asked to furnish an original paper on the subject, "What can Young People do to spread the Liberal Faith?" The papers were carefully prepared, and were very optimistic and enthusiastic in spirit. The second meeting was on Friday evening, May 14, when the same guilds united in a social. The first part of the evening was spent in listening to music and readings, after which refreshments were served in the parlors of the East Church parish house. Special pains were taken to introduce members of the various guilds to each other, and a very enjoyable season was passed.

A specially interesting meeting of the Barton Square Alliance was held at Mrs. Daniel Low's on Friday afternoon, May 14. It was the annual meeting. After the routine business there were duets on violin and piano. A bountiful collation was served.

Southern Unitarian Conference.—The twelfth annual meeting of the Southern Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches was held in Memphis, Tenn., April 27–29.

The opening sermon was given by Rev. John Snyder of St. Louis, Mo., on the evening of the 27th. It was an admirable discussion of the grounds upon which we claim the Christian name, while we reject so many of the doctrines which are held vital by the vast majority of Christian churches, and was warmly received by a large audience. The business meeting of the directors was held Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, H. S. Spinning of Memphis in the chair. The meeting considered the needs of the growing Unitarian churches in the South, and recommended certain plans for the consideration of the conference. After a devotional meeting led by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Memphis, the opening business session of the conference was called to order by the chairman of the directors at ten o'clock. In the absence of the president and secretary, both of whom were unavoidably detained, Rev. T. B. Forbush was chosen president *pro tem.*, and Rev. Marion F. Ham of Chattanooga, secretary *pro tem.* The morning hour was devoted to hearing and considering reports of officers, committees, and churches, and in introducing matters for the consideration of the Business Committee.

At three o'clock the Southern Associate Alliance held its annual meeting. This meeting was called to order, and presided over by Mrs. Charles L. Moss of St. Louis, vice-president of the National Alliance for the South. After preliminary business, interesting reports were read from fifteen of the sixteen Branch Alliances. Mrs. Moss made a clear and comprehensive address upon the general work of the Alliance. Rev. Mr. Snyder gave a very fine talk upon the value of the Alliance, and of woman's work to the churches. The Alliance voted $10 of the small fund in its treasury to Richmond, Va., and $5 to Highlands, N. C.

Wednesday evening was devoted to a platform meeting in charge of Rev. C. J. K. Jones of Louisville, Ky. Addresses were made by Mrs. Miles Meriwether, on "Church Work," Rev. John Snyder, on "Man: His Nature and Destiny," and Rev. C. J. K. Jones, on "The Bible: A Part of God's Revelation." These addresses were attentively listened to by an audience which crowded the little hall.

Thursday morning's devotional service was led by Rev. Marion F. Ham of Chattanooga. The business session was resumed. Officers were chosen for the ensuing year. Resolutions expressing the sense of the conference that the South should have adequate representation on the board of the American Unitarian Association, and that the American Unitarian Association's interests in the South needed proper watch and supervision, were adopted. Resolutions of sympathy were also adopted for Rev. Dr. J. H. Heywood, in his increasing ill-health and feebleness, and for Rev. Walter C. Pierce, on account of his recent severe sickness. Votes of thanks were given the Memphis church for its abundant hospitality, and to the press of the city for its full and admirable reports of the conference. At eleven o'clock Rev. Mr. Ham, the newly chosen pastor at Chattanooga, read a sermon on "Unitarianism and Christianity," affirming that Unitarianism was not the Christianity of the creeds, but was the religion of Jesus. This was followed by a wise and thoughtful paper by Mrs. Bowser of Louisville, on "The Value of the Sunday-school," which, in Mrs. Bowser's absence, was read by Miss Williams of Louisville. After a half-hour's discussion the conference adjourned. Thursday afternoon a very enjoyable reception was given to delegates and friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Anderson.

The conference closed with a sermon on "The Scientific Proofs of Immortality," by Rev. C. J. K. Jones, which was greatly enjoyed by a large congregation.

Springfield, Mass.—*Church of the Unity:* April 18, Easter. A special feature of our Easter services, supplementing the floral decorations, excellent music and Easter sermon, was the use of two new offertory plates. One is in memory of Sidney Kibbe, and the other in memory of Mrs. Jean Bleloch Townshend. On each of these is a silver name plate, and the base of each is carved of wood taken from the pulpit of the old Unitarian church built in 1819. The children's service at noon, consisting of Easter carols and a sermon story, was followed by the distribution of potted pansies to the members of the Sunday-school.

April 22. The Springfield Branch of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women, held its annual meeting. Mrs. George A. Denison read Mrs. G. S. Stebbins's paper on "Later Unitarianism." The annual reports were given, and next year's work outlined. Mrs. John MacDuffie was re-elected president for the coming year, and Miss Annie Bailey, secretary.

April 25. Rev. James De Normandie occupied the pulpit in exchange with Mr. Gilman.

April 30. Entertainment by the Unity Dramatic Club at Fisk's casino, Brightwood. A three-act comedy entitled "Uncle," preceded by a curtain-raiser, "Place aux Dames." The cast ("Place aux Dames"): Juliette, Miss Minnie White; Ophelia, Miss Florence Hubbard; Portia, Miss Julia Webster; Lady Macbeth, Miss Frances Garfield. ("Uncle"): Paul Beaumont, Joseph F. Pynchon; Peter Fletcher, George A. Bacon; Uncle, John Mason; Pastry Cook's Man, George K. Townsley; Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Marion H. Sterns; Emily Mon-

trose, Miss Cicely Buscall; Sarah Jane, Miss Beatrice Hamilton. Music by the Alpha Mandolin and Guitar Club.

St. Cloud, Minn.—A farewell reception was given to Rev. Carlton F. Brown and his wife at the parlors of Unity Church. Mr. Brown has had a successful pastorate here of three years, and has now resigned to accept the call to Helena, Mont.

Toronto, Can.—On Tuesday evening, May 4, Mr. Oscar B. Hawes was ordained and installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Society. In spite of the exceedingly unpleasant weather the church was well filled. The services were of great interest, and gave the adherents of Unitarianism in Toronto an opportuity to hear some of the representative ministers of their faith. Rev. Dr. James T. Bixby of Yonkers, N.Y., gave the invocation; and Rev. D. W. Morehouse read the Scriptures.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Merle St. C. Wright of the Lenox Avenue Church, New York, who forcibly and earnestly defined Unitarianism as a gospel founded exclusively upon reason, but reason in its richest, truest sense. After the sermon Rev. W. C. Gannett gave the ordaining prayer. Rev. T. R. Slicer of Buffalo, N.Y., gave the charge to the minister; and he urged Mr. Hawes to remember that the church existed for the community, and that, in order to justify his employment as a minister, he should show that the church under his guidance could do something to improve the condition of the community. On behalf of the ministry the right hand of fellowship was given Mr. Hawes by Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, who incidentally gave some interesting experiences of his own, based on a ministry extending over a period of thirty-seven years. Then Mr. S. C. Smoke, on behalf of the congregation, extended a hearty welcome to the new pastor, promising him every possible assistance in his pastoral work.

The charge to the people was delivered by Rev. Alexander T. Bowser of Wilmington, Del., who was at one time pastor of the Toronto Unitarian church. He impressed upon the members of the society the necessity of working in unity with the pastor, and of aiding him by all the means in their power to make Toronto a centre of rational Christianity in Canada. Some excellent music enriched the services. One hymn, by Samuel Longfellow, was read by Rev. Dr. William M. Brundage of Albany. The benediction was pronounced by the pastor, Rev. Oscar B. Hawes.

Troy, N.Y.—Our Unitarian church in this city is enjoying a season of growth and prosperity. The congregations have increased since the settlement of Rev. J. H. Crooker as pastor three months ago, so that at present they are the largest in the history of the society. Mr. and Mrs. Crooker (Rev. Florence Kollock) have been very cordially received by the people in general; and already they have become participants in the higher life of the community. The Sunday-school is well organized. The "Children's Neighborhood Library" is doing a valuable work, reaching about five hundred girls and boys. A Young People's Club is just finishing a very interesting series of studies of Lowell, and the attendance is now about fifty. A course of five addresses has just been finished by Mrs. Crooker, on "Woman's Work in the Church," before the Alliance. These have been largely attended, and reported at length in the city papers. The membership of the Alliance has risen from twenty-five to sixty. The Union Lenten services, in which this society joined with the Universalist church, were very largely attended; and they brought the people of both congregations into most friendly relations. The members of the Unitarian church are at present hopeful and enthusiastic. Both Mr. and Mrs. Crooker express great satisfaction over the social warmth and general activity displayed by this congregation.

Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs, N.H.— The twentieth annual gathering occurs this year the last week in July, from Monday, the 26th, through Sunday, August 1. So many have enjoyed these occasions in times past that it is hoped this season's meeting may be in the nature of a reunion, and that the old friends will take this opportunity to renew their acquaintance of years past. A most attractive week is planned. The ministers, who are sometimes overlooked in these meetings, are to have a day of their own, when, besides papers of interest from several of our best-known clergymen to which everybody will be welcome, there will be an informal "camp-fire" exchange of thought and experience.

Friday, July 30, many of the young people's guilds in New Hampshire and adjoining States will be represented; and a pleasant and enthusiastic meeting for mutual aid and acquaintance is promised. Better arrangements and accommodations will be prepared than ever before, and the excursions on the lake by launches to carry small parties for an evening's enjoyment are provided. Other features will be announced later.

Washington, D.C.— About forty-five young persons united with the church on Easter Sunday. In the evening the Sunday-school, which numbers two hundred and fifty, had charge of the exercises, with addresses by Rev. Clay MacCauley, Hon. G. H. Bond, and others. The confirmation class has this year numbered one hundred and twenty-five.

Watertown.—The annual meeting of the First Parish has recently been held. The Report of the Parish Committee shows a very satisfactory condition of the finances, there being a surplus in the treasury after paying running expenses. The Sunday-school is in a better condition than for many years. The Women's Alliance, the Dramatic Club, the Unitarian Club and the Ladies' Society for the Relief of the Sick are doing effective work. The report of the committee sums up the situation in the following words:—

"The addition to the church property during the last ten years has been very considerable. The Unitarian Building, the renovation of the interior of the church, the recent addition to the church to properly house the new organ, and the conversion of the former unsightly yard into the well-kept lawn are constant witnesses to the devotion and loyalty of the members of the parish to the old place of worship handed down to them by their predecessors."

Waverley, Mass.—Easter Sunday afternoon the Lord's Supper was commemorated for the first time in the new Unitarian church, using the communion service presented them by the Third Congregational Church of Cambridge.

West Roxbury, Mass.—Easter Sunday was appropriately observed in the First Parish. The pulpit and platform were artistically decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. At ten o'clock the Sunday-school gathered for their service, consisting of carols, responsive reading, and a short address by Mr. Hussey, after which each child received a potted plant. At the regular church service a 'cellist accompanied the usual solos, and communion followed the service. The last vesper service of the season was held at five o'clock, and was largely attended. Mrs. Morgan of Roxbury was the soloist, and Mr. Hussey preached on "The Resurrection and the Life." It has been very gratifying to see how the interest in these services has continued through the year. Mr. Hussey has given of his best, and the many who have listened to the inspiring words must have felt strengthened for the duties of the week.

On April 28 an entertainment in aid of the Floating Hospital was given by the younger members of the Sunday-school, under the direction of Mrs. Chamberlayne. The tableaux, representing a number of the *Munsey's Magazine*, showed much thought in preparation, and were a credit both to the children and director. Piano and violin solos and recitations followed the tableaux. The sum of $35 was realized.

At the annual meeting of the Unitarian Club the following officers were elected: president, C. W. Sparhawk; vice-president, C. W. Whittemore; secretary, Curtis Clapp, Jr.; treasurer, C. F. Bruce; Executive Committee, H. I. Smith, E. C. Wade, Rev. A. R. Hussey. The club is in good financial condition, and shows a membership of nearly fifty. The subject under discussion for the evening, "The Golden Rule in Business," brought forth many ideas as to its applicability. The last Sunday-school party was held May 7.

At the annual meeting of the Alliance the following officers were elected: president, Miss M. J. Rogers; vice-president, Mrs. J. V. Pool; secretary, Mrs. H. Pope; treasurer, Mrs. A. J. Seaward. A committee was also appointed to look over and pack the literature, to be sent away by the Alliance. A contribution was sent to the Norfolk Alliance, Dorchester, for their May sale.

Miss Lovejoy read the paper for the afternoon in the Arlington Street Church. As the present building is of recent date, she was able to read a description of it from the Boston *Transcript*, written at the time of its dedication; and but little alteration has been made in the building since.

The last meeting of the Alliance for this season was held May 10. Several committees were appointed to carry on the next season's work. $15 was appropriated toward the church debt; and an urgent appeal was made by the president for increased activity in Alliance work, particularly in bringing in the young people.

The paper for the afternoon was read by Mr. Hussey on the Church of the Disciples. As this paper closed the series on the old churches of Boston, Mr. Hussey gave a short review of the year's work, and then told in a clear and interesting manner the history of the Church of the Disciples, which was the first church to start in Boston as a distinctive Unitarian society. The history of the church was the story of Dr. Clarke's life, which in its purity and simplicity stood in striking contrast to the religious sentiment of the day.

At the annual parish meeting six new members were voted into the society, and the following officers elected: moderator, C. W. C. Rhoades; clerk, Edward C. Wade; treasurer, Charles M. Seaver; collector, Lawrence Manley; Standing Committee, Linus Faunce, A. M. Newton, F. A. Drew. $500 was appropriated for music. The Subscription Committee was enlarged, and will work for parish as well as denominational purposes.

Windsor, Vt.—Mr. C. E. Ordway, a graduate from Meadville last June, has received an urgent call from the Unitarian church in this town.

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